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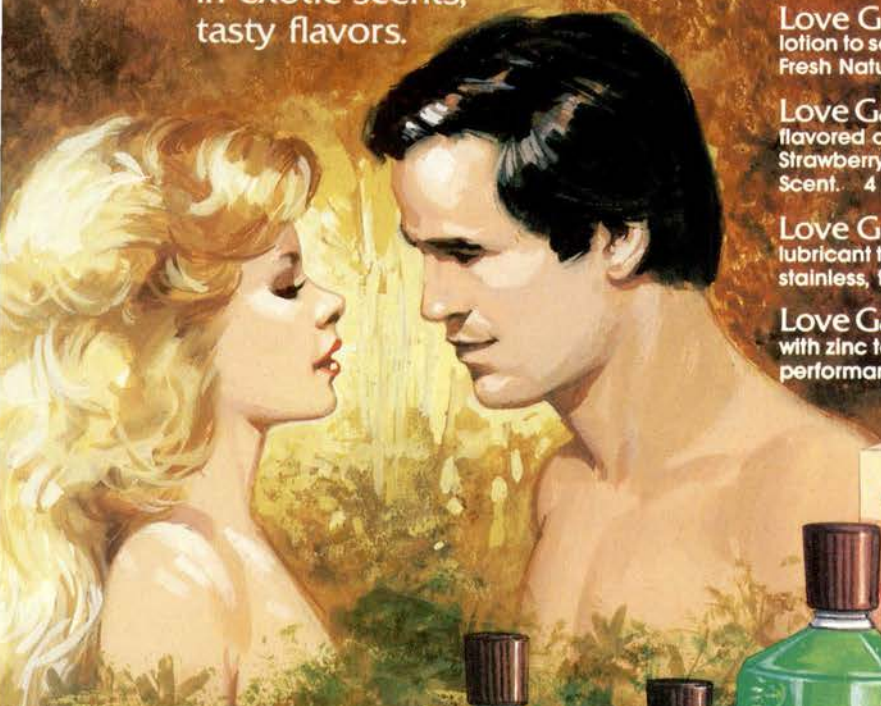
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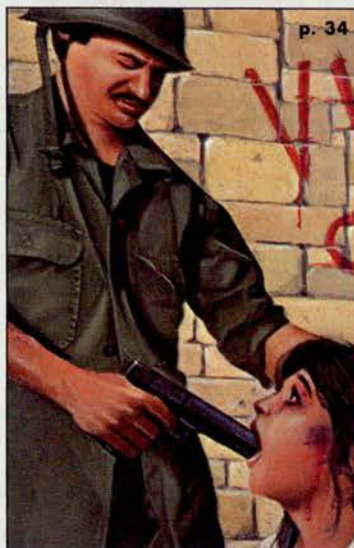
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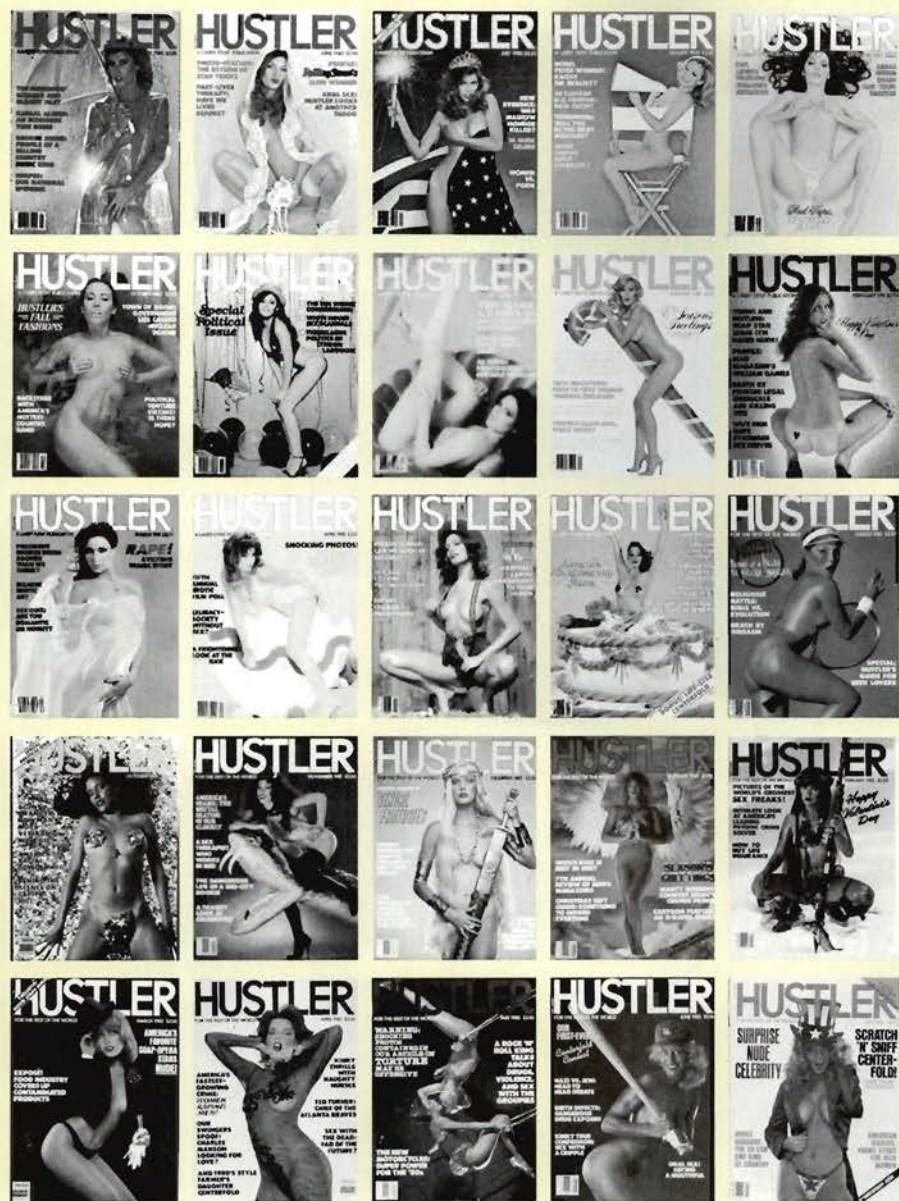
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AUGUST 1982 VOLUME 9 NUMBER 2

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Criminal Neglect

I've never been as angry at the American government as I am right now. Ronald Reagan and his fellow hypocrites don't think twice about sending millions of dollars and tons of military equipment to support the repressive police state in El Salvador. But when it comes to doing their job of helping innocent American victims of that war, they stick their heads in the sand and do nothing.

It's been a year and a half since a young freelance writer named John Sullivan disappeared while on assignment for HUSTLER in El Salvador. All this time the Sullivan family and this magazine have been pressing the U.S. State Department and other government agencies to take some action to find out the truth behind this tragedy. But Reagan and his cronies have found it more important not to embarrass the murderous dictators who run El Salvador than to act on behalf of one of our own citizens.

A little more than a year after Sullivan's disappearance and presumed torture/murder, four Dutch journalists were killed by the same network of "death squads" who are responsible for what happened to Sullivan. Unlike the United States government, the Dutch government had the guts to contradict the questionable official Salvadoran explanation of the murders and accused the Fascist junta there of murdering innocent foreign journalists.

Unbelievably, the Reagan Administration acted like this was the first such case in El Salvador, as though John Sullivan never existed. If the U.S. government had had the guts to take appropriate action at the time of Sullivan's disappearance, the Dutch and the rest of the world would have been more aware of the deadly dangers in reporting the Salvadoran civil war. A warning sounded by America might have saved the lives of the Dutch jour-

nalists—and that bothers the hell out of me. As far as I'm concerned, the United States government is guilty of criminal negligence.

By now, it's clear that Washington politicians don't care about John Sullivan or his family. What's really sickening is that they are actually *supporting* his murderers, who are also the murderers of hundreds of helpless Salvadoran peasants every month. What right do they have to use the hard-earned money of American taxpayers to support totalitarian principles that every American despises?

In this issue, HUSTLER Magazine has put a lot of effort into informing you of the horrible situation in nearby El Salvador, which is only 1,500 miles away from our border. But it won't do any good if we continue to let our government get away with its support of murder and fascism. Our leaders are there to represent the people's views on foreign affairs, and I know damned well the American people are fed up with the Reagan Administration's El Salvador policy. If you don't believe me, just check out any public-opinion poll. It's time for *all* Americans to raise their voices and tell the government to stop this insanity now.

I'm serving notice right now that HUSTLER will not be cowed into silence on this issue. If citizens can't get the truth from their government, they can continue to depend on us. We won't buy the lies or accept the hypocrisy of those who are selling out America's ideals.

—ALTHEA FLYNT
Publisher & Chairman of the Board

An open letter to the U.S. State Department:

For the past 18 months a conspiracy of silence has surrounded the fate of John Sullivan, a journalist on assignment for HUSTLER Magazine to cover El Salvador's bloody civil war. Three hours after checking into the Sheraton Hotel in San Salvador on December 28, 1980, Sullivan vanished into the night. Only one person has come forward to offer solid information about his mysterious disappearance-- a member of the Salvadoran security forces who wrote two letters to the U.S. Embassy and the Washington Post supplying intimate details of Sullivan's torture and murder. Yet, according to the Sullivan family, the State Department has dragged its heels, making no real effort to contact this eyewitness and verify what the Sullivans believe is a totally credible story.

Your reluctance to deal with these new facts is merely the latest in a series of attempts to stonewall an issue potentially damaging to the Reagan Administration, which already has sent El Salvador more than \$400 million in economic and military aid--courtesy of U.S. taxpayers. When four Dutch journalists were ambushed in El Salvador last February, President Reagan said he deeply regretted their deaths. White House spokesman Larry Speakes called it deplorable.

But never has Mr. Reagan, Mr. Speakes or anyone else of consequence in the Administration uttered a word about John Sullivan--an American citizen. If John Sullivan were working for the New York Times or the Washington Post--rather than for HUSTLER--the White House would certainly have spoken out long ago.

As Publisher of HUSTLER Magazine, I cannot live with myself without publicly posing one simple question to you people in the State Department:

Why have you so miserably failed to conduct a thorough investigation of the John Sullivan case?

The American public and his anguished family have a right to know.

--ALTHEA FLYNT

Publisher

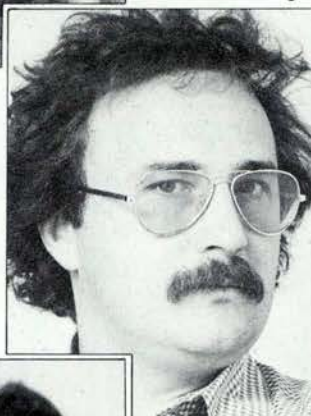
Do you believe everything you read in the papers? If so, you're mostly learning only what our government wants you to. **HUSTLER** has never been intimidated by those who would rather keep certain things "under their hats." Instead, we continue to break new ground in the field of investigative journalism by offering articles and profiles that educate, enlighten and, sometimes, shock. This month is no exception.

In December 1980, **HUSTLER** sent reporter John Sullivan to El Salvador. A year and a half later, his presumed death is still shrouded in controversy. Articles Editor **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS** has followed up his July 1981 **HUSTLER** profile, *The New Vietnam: HUSTLER Reporter Vanishes in Bloody Revolution*, with an even-more-startling probe, **UPDATE: EL SALVADOR ONE YEAR LATER**. Lewis presents in grisly detail the atrocities plaguing Salvadoran citizens. He also chronicles the tragic plight of the Sullivan family in their effort to discover the fate of their son. It is an account you'd never find in your local newspaper. Lewis, a veteran of 20 years in journalism, has served on staff as editor at such publications as *Life*, *Playboy* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. He's the author of *The Scavengers and Critics of the Warren Report* and a screenplay adapted from Irving Wallace's novel *The Seven Minutes*. The striking illustration is by **PAT DUNN**, a regular contributor who last rendered artwork for *The Bendectin Conspiracy: Birth Defects from a Legal Drug* in **HUSTLER**'s June 1982 issue.

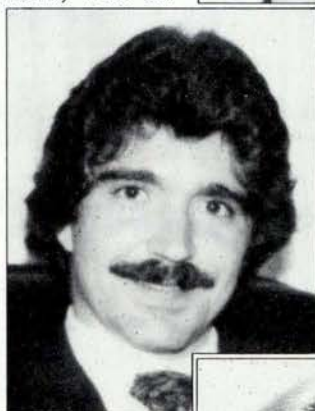
Clyde Barrow and Butch Cassidy had two things in common: They were escaped convicts who both met their ends at the hands of bounty hunters. Today, there is still a special breed of men (and women) who, for a substantial fee, will find and return fugitives to the authorities. In **BOUNTY HUNTERS: MONEY, ADVENTURE AND DANGER**, author **BRUCE HENDERSON**



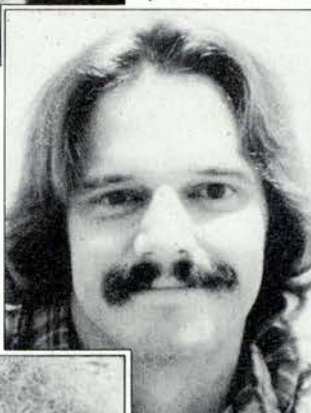
Christopher Corey



Bruce Henderson



J. Bradford Olesker



Pat Dunn



Richard Warren Lewis

investigates the self-sacrificing stalkers, delving into the fast-paced lives of these throwbacks to the Old West. Henderson is a regular contributor to **HUSTLER** and has also written for *California*, *Esquire*, *Reader's Digest* and *Los Angeles* magazines. He has just completed his fourth book, a nonfiction examination of computer crime. The accompanying illustration is by **JAMES KONRAD**, whose artwork introduced **HUSTLER**'s July 1982 profile, *Organized Crime: Conspiracy at the Meat Market*.

This month's **SEX PLAY** examines the feminine perspective of fellatio with **GETTING HEAD: A PANEL DISCUSSION**. Listen in as four women debate the oral aspects of love-making and come to stimulating conclusions. **CHRISTOPHER COREY** makes his **HUSTLER** debut with a strikingly erotic depiction of the oral-sex act. Corey's works have appeared in *Playboy*, *Oui*, *Rolling Stone* and *Esquire*. He is an award-winning artist, and we're proud to have his talent represented on our pages.

August's fiction features a tale of a whore, a nun and a scientific secret that ties them together. **J. BRADFORD OLESKER**'s **THE DEADLY EXCHANGE** is a shocking story of mind and body with a futuristic twist. Olesker last thrilled you with *The Shark* in **HUSTLER**'s February 1982 issue. Former Editorial Director of Flynt Publications, his latest novel, *The Young Dragons*, is currently in bookstores. The companion artwork is by the renowned **ALEX EBEL**, who also contributed his vast talents for last month's **HUSTLER** fiction, *The Kennedy Affair*. A recipient of numerous awards over the years, Ebel's work has appeared on the pages of *Science Digest* and in the book *New American Illustrator*.

In addition, this month **HUSTLER** exposes the hypocrisy of *National Lampoon*, a magazine long known for its libertine spirit and "hip" approach to social issues. You may be surprised by this special feature, which proves that *censorship* is not a foreign word to the *Lampoon*.

All this and the ladies too. Now, open the pages to the publication that tells it like it is. This month, as every month, **HUSTLER** remains true to form. Honest! 🐾



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered physical, sexual or emotional abuse and neglect (many cases go unreported). At least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths. And if you think child abuse is confined to any particular race, religion, income group or social stratum, you're wrong. It's

everybody's problem.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Child abuse doesn't have to happen. Eighty percent of all abusers could be helped, with your help. Your community needs your aid in forming crisis centers, self-help programs for abusers, and other grass roots organizations. Please. Please write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:

National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

Body Throb: The photo-spread *Ivy: Restless Nights* (top) in your June issue made every part of my body throb. The sight of those beautiful bare feet was almost too much for me to take. I hope HUSTLER continues to publish pictures of ladies' bare soles—they're a bigger turn-on than anything else! —A. D. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Canine Humor: Trosley has come up with some good cartoons in the past, but the one on page 49 in May's issue (center), showing a dog being cut up for a family's dinner, goes too far. Most cartoons in HUSTLER and HUSTLER HUMOR are just disgusting, but this one is purely sickening! Evidently you hate dogs if you allow such nauseating material to be printed. —Todd L. Bone Ishpeming, Michigan

In the August 1981 issue you printed a cartoon making fun of epileptics. I apologize if I misunderstood the intent of the cartoonist, but it seems to me that such humor could hurt those who are epileptic—such as myself. Even though I used to be ashamed of my disease, I feel lucky to be alive. Two friends of mine were not so fortunate. I may have occasional spells and memory lapses, but with my husband's help, I intend to beat it. Why would you want to publish such a demeaning cartoon?

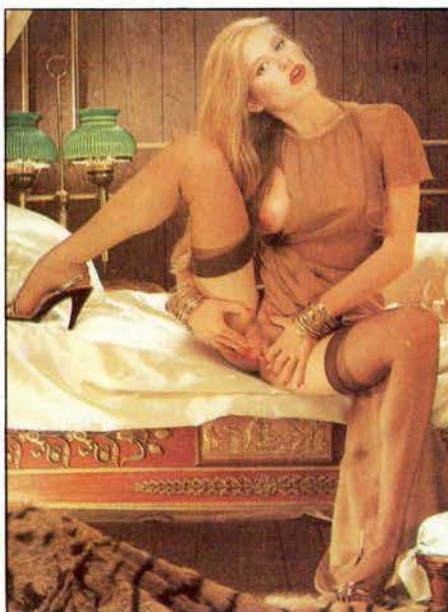
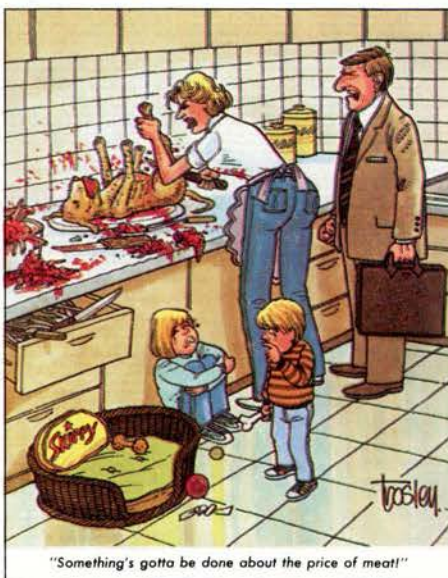
—Beverly Boyd Anderson
Jesup, Georgia

Humor is often a good way to call attention to a problem that most people would otherwise pretend doesn't exist.

You have a great magazine. My husband and I love HUSTLER's stories and just about everything else—except the sickening abortion cartoons. But I really wouldn't want them to be beautiful, because these cartoons are so shocking, I'd think very seriously before considering an abortion. So, your humor does serve a useful purpose. —D. L. Wahoo, Nebraska

Photo Fanfare: All HUSTLER's centerfolds are excellent, but you really outdid yourself with June's *Holly: A Tiger in Bed* (bottom). That gorgeous blonde can be a tiger in my bed anytime. Keep up the good work with your cock-raising ladies, and I'll stay a devoted reader. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

When I picked up your April issue and saw *Corky: Let Me Entertain You*, I just had to buy the magazine. Corky is



the most beautiful woman-creature I've ever seen in any publication. She alone made HUSTLER worth the price. I'd love to spend about a week just licking Corky's toes, a month kissing the inside of her thighs and a year savoring those luscious lips! —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Since you've entered the "New Era," with Althea Flynt as publisher, let's see more redheads in HUSTLER. I get so pissed off when I flip through your publication and find no red bush. There are plenty of your readers lusting to have a dynamite redhead appear in your pages. —J. Rosales Ft. Bragg, North Carolina

You must have missed Samantha: Devil Woman, our November 1981 centerfold. She's one red-hot lover! And of course, there's last month's centerfold, Lynn: Love Scent, who's a red-haired treat for the nose as well as the eyes. For information on ordering these back issues, see page 4.

I'd love to see a photo-spread featuring some bald beauties. Nothing makes my dick harder than a lovely bald lady in the raw, but unfortunately they're hard to come by. I sat through the movie *Star Trek* six times just to feast my eyes on Persis Khambatta in all her shaven glory. Farrah Fawcett, step aside!

—Ric "Mad Dog" Hause
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

We featured a "before and after" bald beauty in HUSTLER's February 1978 layout The Naked... and the Dead. Plus, get ready for a bareheaded space lady in our October issue this year!

The New Publisher: Congratulations to Althea Flynt on her June issue of HUSTLER. I enjoyed it very much. At first, I was skeptical about a woman publisher, but she erased my doubts. I plan on buying HUSTLER a lot more often. —Edward J. Weiss New York, New York

After looking through my June issue of HUSTLER, I was happy to note that the quality of your magazine has improved beyond my expectations since Althea Flynt took over. For a change, we can believe in media-printed promises. All four pictorials had superb women in super poses, which only reinforces my conviction to be a HUSTLER subscriber for as long as I live. As much as I hate to see Larry bow out, I'm pleased with the new HUSTLER. —Richard J. Lehner Glenview, Illinois

I'd like to bid a fond farewell to Larry Flynt and say thanks for eight years of the most satisfying and informative magazine on the market. I now welcome Althea Flynt into my home every month. I have the utmost confidence in her and know the publication is in good hands. HUSTLER will be here for many years to come.

—T. B. K.

Monee, Illinois

Bad Judgment: After reading May's Asshole of the Month about Circuit Court Judge William Reinecke from Wisconsin, I feel compelled to write. One need not read very far in past issues of HUSTLER to realize you appear—on the surface—to fight for human freedoms and rights. But what I find ironic is that you insult this man because he judged a five-year-old child to be sexually promiscuous; yet you openly admit you don't have all the facts of the case. Even though you believe Reinecke has done society a great injustice, I was taught that a person was innocent until proven guilty.

I agree we must protect our children. But we must also protect adults, such as Reinecke, from injustice. For the simple reason you do not present all the facts, maybe HUSTLER deserves the title Asshole of the Month.

—Sean Sommer
Mineral Point, Wisconsin

We never said we didn't have the facts. We simply weren't given access to the complete transcripts of the trial. But that doesn't change the fact that Reinecke callously shifted the blame in this child-abuse case away from the offending adult to the innocent child. Dangerous thinking like that encourages child abuse, and we won't stand for it.

I think your choice of Judge William Reinecke for May's Asshole of the Month was completely off base. Although Reinecke may have used a poor choice of words by calling a five-year-old girl "promiscuous," he was correct in that *promiscuous* can mean confused, mingled or indiscriminate. To say that this girl is "sexually confused" would be totally correct. She had seen her mother making love with the defendant. The man involved reportedly has an extremely low mentality. Since both the defendant and child obviously had no sex education, some blame should be placed on the mother for allowing her daughter to watch such acts. To unseat Judge Reinecke would be a crime.

—Name Withheld
Grant County, Wisconsin

So what's your point? Aren't all five-year-olds sexually confused? Does that make them fair game for molestation? As for the mother's negligence, we addressed that

specifically, saying "two wrongs don't make a right."

Even though I live in the Netherlands, I follow American politics and social movements quite closely. Your April Assholes of the Month, Mel and Norma Gabler, amazed me. This Texas couple censors schoolbooks that conflict with their own interpretation of history. I can't understand why Americans are so disinterested in their own liberty that they allow freedom to be taken away from them. Remember, the fight for freedom almost always starts at the universities. Most of the students here are politically involved and aware that liberty can only exist when you *fight* for it. I am saddened to see that students in your democratic society allow extreme censorship by self-appointed moralists. They are almost entirely apathetic. So let's hope the American students stand up and take interest in their own rights.

—A. Z.

The Netherlands

Freedom's Enemies: After reading *Jew vs. Nazi: A Face-to-Face Debate* in your June issue, I felt sad that there is so much hatred in the world. As a black woman, I think white-supremacist groups like the Nazis and the Klan should be blown off the face of the earth.

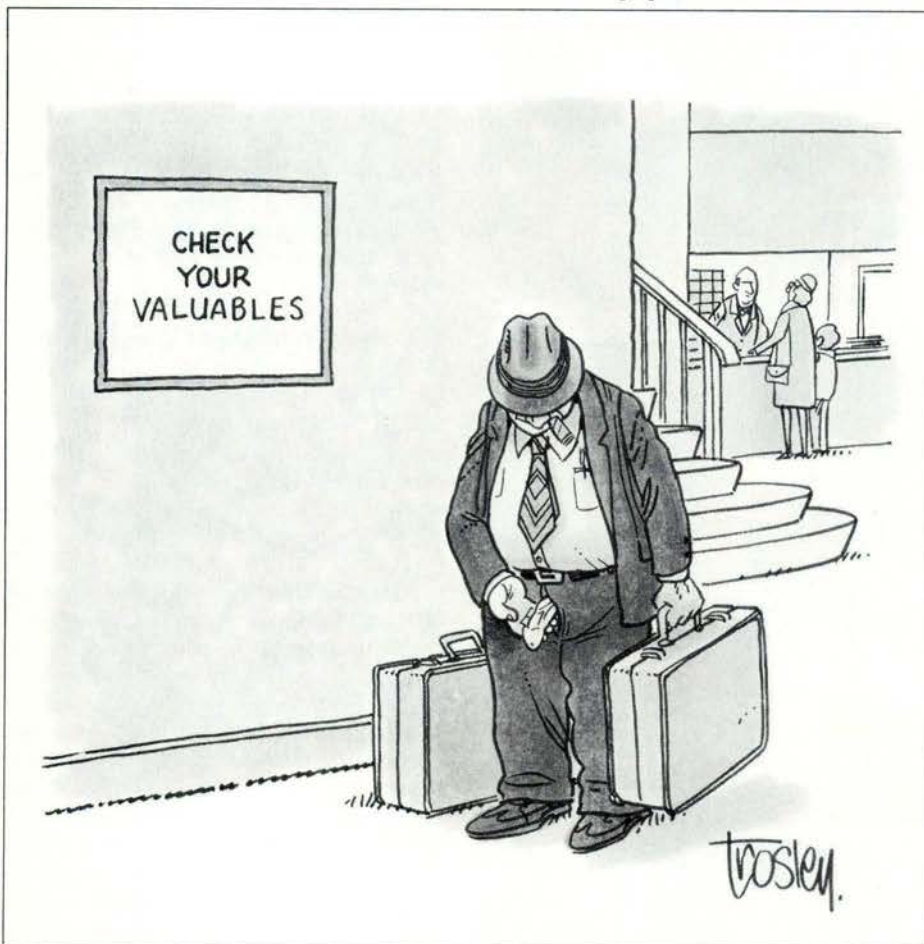
Remember, the Nazis and the Klan are not just the enemies of blacks and Jews. They are enemies of American freedom. This country is not safe from them. We need to wake up and put an end to the madness of the Nazis so we can keep this nation free.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Hunger & Torture: I'd like to commend HUSTLER for two well-written, informative and educational articles—*World Hunger: What Every American Should Know* by Ben Pesta in the April issue and Richard Warren Lewis' *Torture: Man's Inhumanity to Man* in the May issue. With articles like these, HUSTLER rises above the cliché "skin magazine" to join the serious, informative periodicals on the stands each month. Those two articles really hit home, making me think twice.

—Craig Romano
Berlin, New Hampshire

Ted Nugent: I don't think I've ever read anything as nauseating as your interview *Ted Nugent: Rock 'n' Roll King Gives the Lowdown on Superstardom* in the May issue. The only thing commendable about this prehistoric creep is his opposition to nuclear power. Nugent is a prime example of the Nazi mentality





"What! You're leaving me for just one small belt upside the head?!"

that has made this one of the sickest, most violent societies on earth. If it wasn't for left-wing liberals such as myself who he so rudely blasts, no-talent clods like him would still be back in Detroit working for \$3 an hour.

—Arthur Mousset
Rock Island, Illinois

Motorcycle Mania: My husband and I read HUSTLER all the time and enjoy the variety and frankness of your articles. Once in a great while we're unfamiliar with a particular subject and trust the author to deliver the truth. However, if there's one thing we know plenty about, it's motorcycles—backwards, sideways and inside out.

David Barry's May article, *Escape from the City: HUSTLER's Guide to the Hot New Motorcycles*, was a real disappointment. We don't mind that you gave some pimple-faced mailroom boy the opportunity to write, but Barry could at least have chosen a subject about which he knows something. If he did, he wouldn't go on so much about Japanese bikes. But I guess we should be thankful for Jap bikes. You know the old saying: "God created rice-burners to keep the assholes off Harleys."

—D. C. Williams
Fort Myers, Florida

You really had your head up your ass

with May's article on motorcycles. You might know pussy, but HUSTLER sure doesn't know shit about bikes. Although the story had some truth to it, Chester the Molester could have done as well with a stack of sales brochures in front of him and several pages to fill. First of all, the high-powered Kawasaki was a three-cylinder, not a four-cylinder as you've stated, and the 750 was not Kawasaki's first. That was the 500cc, which hit the streets in late 1969. I know, because I had one of them. The 750 followed later.

I've been a HUSTLER reader for years, and I feel that investigative product-reporting is the one area in which you really fall short. When I want to know which porn star gives the best blowjob on film, I look to you. If I want to know about motorcycles, I'll read *Cycle World*. You guys don't know a Harley from a humjob or a Ducati from a dildo. So stick to what you're good at: producing boners! If only your opening photo-spread showed a guy blowing his wad down some girl's throat on the handlebars of a bike whizzing at 90 mph, the whole thing would've been worth it.

—Gary Olszewski
San Rafael, California

You obviously know bikes, but so do we. The first Kawasaki was a three-cylinder that wasn't really marketed; it was prone to jack-

rabbit starts and dumped its drivers flat on the road. Also, we never said the 750 was the original Kawasaki; we simply discussed it because it was a better bike.

Herpes & Greed: I would like to comment on Dr. Richard Hamilton's *The Herpes Book* reviewed in the May HUSTLER. The only use for such a book would be to prop up a short leg on a table or chair. These drug pushers—the so-called doctors—are just greedy bastards who don't crack a book or do any research once they're out of medical school.

Good health is the most important thing. It builds up the body's immune system better than drugs.

The cure for herpes is simple: Get yourself in top health without drugs so that you can enjoy life and loving, and you'll have no worries about herpes.

—“Doc” Pierre
St. Petersburg, Florida

Reagan's Honey: May's *Honey* strip—with Ronald Reagan and the Cabinet visiting Honey and her girls—is one of HUSTLER's best. Congratulations to Bruce Helford and Tom Garst. I lust after a *Honey* feature inspired by the television show *Harper Valley*, including a torrid scene with Barbara Eden and the Mayor.

—Jake Anila
San Jose, California

Bible Talk: I am not a religious fanatic, nor am I an atheist, but I think Gary Insley, who called the Bible a fairy book in May's *Feedback* section, ought to be better informed before he shoots his mouth off. The Bible should not be “banned and burned,” as he suggested. Maybe if he read it, he would see how much the Bible pertains to our daily lives. I do agree with him that a person's religion should not be forced on anyone else, but it seems that Insley is pushing his gross, asinine beliefs on the readers of HUSTLER.

—R. Burgess
Puerto Rico

Low Class: You often say that most HUSTLER readers are satisfied with the magazine the way it is. If you ask me, I think you're way ahead of the competition with good articles and editorials, but I feel your bathroom-floor background in the *Beaver Hunt* section is low class and an insult to the ladies. Why don't you zoom in for better close-ups of these girls and make them take off all those rumpled clothes?

—J. Gillson
Wilmington, Delaware

Althea Flynt is taking a new look at Beaver Hunt with an eye toward some changes for the better.

GRAFFILTHY



THANKS AND \$25 TO E.P., BROWSBORO, NC

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

A \$1-million damage suit was filed by a woman whose son was among the 20 to 40 male corpses with which an embalmer admitted making love. Karen Margaret Greenlee, now 23, confessed to having sex with the bodies in ambulances and in the mortuary's prep room for her own sexual gratification. Attorney Leo M. O'Connor, representing the deceased's mother, contends that the Sacramento Memorial Lawn Mortuary was aware of Greenlee's necrophilia and that it was negligent in retaining her to work with corpses.

A little-known "morning after" method of emergency birth control is available to any woman in the United States. While no postcoital contraceptive has been officially approved by the federal Food and Drug Administration, it is common knowledge in medical circles that four regular birth-control pills taken the morning after sex will prevent an unwanted pregnancy. According to Pro Familia, a family-planning association, this kind of morning-after contraception is gaining popularity in West Germany, especially in rape situations. Dr. Knut Hoffman, a gynecologist with Pro Familia, says the four-pill dosage should be used only as an emergency method, not as a substitute for conventional birth control. American pharmaceutical manufacturers know full well that their hormone-bearing drug can be used as morning-after pills. To date, however, only one has applied to the FDA to market a postcoital contraceptive.

A nude "Playboy" magazine centerfold has accidentally found its way inside a new Montgomery Ward's catalog. In an apparent oversight at Chicago's W. H. Hall Printing Company, which binds both "Playboy" and the Ward's catalog, the picture was inserted between pages 80 and 81. An embarrassed spokesman for the printing firm said, "We put out about 6 million copies of the catalog." Just for the record, he added, "There wasn't an article number on the item. There's no way to order it."

An experiment is under way in Britain to see if couples can pre-select the sex of their unborn children. Of 12 women wanting girls, 11 later gave birth to female babies after using a sex-selection gel during intercourse. In the meantime, only five of nine mothers using a similar male gel succeeded in having boys. The two versions of the gel are designed to help either male-producing or female-producing sperm reach the egg during conception. Scientists say they don't know why it's working for girl babies but not for boys.

In San Francisco, members of Women Against Violence in Pornography and the Media have called for a boycott of the trendy fashion manufacturer Esprit De Corp. A dozen women picketed Esprit De Corp's offices to protest a magazine advertisement showing a man ironing one of the company's dresses--with a woman inside the dress, flat on her back on an ironing board. Says Brenda Roth of the Marin Abused Women's Services, "I've worked in a battered-women's shelter, and I've seen women who have been burned with irons." Esprit De Corp claims the ad is just a spoof on role reversal.

Surprisingly, America's abortion capital is Iowa City, Iowa. According to a study conducted by the New York-based Alan Outtmacher Institute, Iowa City leads the nation with 150 abortions for every 1,000 women between the ages of 15 and 44. Apparently, thousands of women who can't get abortions in their own farm communities stream there because it's a college town with a more-liberal attitude than the rest of the state.

As a result of bad economic times, prostitution is running so rampant in Britain that the government may organize licensed brothels. James Hill, a Member of Parliament, recently declared that his council was "completely helpless" in trying to combat the illicit-sex industry, with its growing tide of street soliciting and massage parlors. Hill is supporting a bill that would permit localities to license houses of prostitution.

Codeine abuse has become so widespread, it has surpassed Valium as the number-one abused prescription drug in California. The situation has been aggravated by government regulations, especially those of Medi-Cal, that in many cases promote the prescribing of codeine compounds over newer, non-narcotic painkillers. Codeine, available in dozens of forms from pills to cough syrup, is a sedative narcotic even more addictive than heroin. Last year there were 146 codeine-overdose deaths in Los Angeles County, only slightly less than the county's 157 heroin-related fatalities. 🐼

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386 **Oral Satisfaction**—Fresh young models show you how they perform cunnilingus and fellatio through a hammock, in a barber's chair, in a car seat, and at the beach. Wait 'til you see girls with pig-tails, tattoos, feathers and more, perform oral sex acts you never dreamed possible! 100 full-color pgs., 8 1/2 x 11" \$25.00

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426 **Foxy**—See Seka and her girlfriend do it all to the Hollywood agent. Watch a young beauty shave herself clean and a beautiful young couple explore every nook and cranny. 64 color pgs. 7 x 10" \$15.00

429 **Dynamic Duos**—From sex in the hot tub, to older man/younger woman, to 10 tattooed inches exploring every nook and cranny, to orally pleasuring every erogenous zone. Five horny hot beautiful couples perform every sex act to climax and then some. 100 full color, 8 1/2 x 11" pages. \$25.00

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431 **Sex Adventures**—See a nurse bring new life to her patient; a husband tie-up, beat, and whip his wife into submission for being unfaithful; an oriental woman and her redheaded friend teach a college man a thing or two; and much, much more! 100 pgs., 8 1/2 x 11", full color. \$25.00

260 **Erotic World**—Hot off the press. Seka does her thing, his thing, their things from every angle and position using every trick in the book (and a few new ones) to reach climax after climax with a man, a woman, a couple, two women and some toys, and two men who use her as a toy. 100, 8 1/2 x 11" full-color pages. \$25.00

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441 **Gourmet Cream**—Every photo graphically depicts a hot orgasm with beautiful young women providing target after target. Close-ups are the rule throughout the 100 blazing color pages showing you again and again the too incredible results of every kind of sexual act. 8 1/2 x 11". \$25.00

390 **Best Climax Shots**—160 full color photos depict graphically the ecstasy of the peak moment in every kind of sexual experience. See close-ups of every top X-rated sex idol. 100 pgs., 8 1/2 x 11". \$25.00

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392 **The John Holmes and the All-Star Sex Queens**—shows the fabulously hung John with Candy Samples, Uschi Digart, Kitten Natividad, Keli Stewart, Serena, Valerie Clarke, Bobbie Hall in actual scenes from six XXX flicks. 240 color and b&w pix. \$6.00

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444 **Best of Connoisseur**—Three feature length photo essays from the best-selling Connoisseur film series fill 120 full color 8 1/2 x 11" pages. See: a Eurasian beauty and a blond American do it all in an outdoor milieu, Annette Haven perform every trick with her rich boyfriend in a manor house, and a black chick show her stud what sex is all about. \$25.00

446 **XXX Superstars**—See Crystal Dawn enjoy anal and oral sex with 2 men; Candida Royale do it all with another couple, Susie Nero alternate between a black stud and a caucasian, Merle Michaels, Leslie Bovee and many others in 100 full-color, 8 1/2 x 11" pages filled with hot steaming sex! only \$25.00

643 **Private Affairs**—100 blazing full-color pages, graphically depicting Seka doing two pool men (in every way possible), loving a lesbian, making it with another beauty and her Hollywood agent, practicing on the piano teacher in black lace, and throwing a black lace, and throwing a bang-up surprise party with some friends. 8 1/2 x 11" pages. \$12.50

PERSONALITIES

420 **John, Candy, and Valerie**—64 pages filled with color and B&W photos of John Holmes using his 14" on every part of breast queen, Candy Samples, and beautiful Valerie Clark. Lots of 3-way action. 8 1/2 x 11". \$10.00

252 **Seka, A Day in the Life**—100 full-color pages follow Seka from taking in a car mechanic in the morning, to eating a big long lunch, to Louise and her boyfriend, to the challenge of Pete and Tom at the same time, to a cold shower with French model Ariane. She does it all with everybody! 8 1/2 x 11" \$19.95

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Rieva Lesonsky

Pot & Sex Drive: Sometimes after a night of heavy pot smoking no matter how much I want to, I can't get it up. I thought marijuana was supposed to be an aphrodisiac. What gives? —M. L. Geneseo, New York

A recent study performed at the University of Texas Health Sciences Center in San Antonio tested marijuana's aphrodisiacal effects on male rats and mice. The study concluded that high and low doses of THC, pot's active ingredient, cause an initial surge in testosterone levels in the bloodstream. (Testosterone is the male hormone most responsible for determining sex drive.) But the rodents fed the higher THC dose experienced a considerable drop-off in testosterone levels a short time later.

Though the tests are too preliminary to reach a definitive conclusion, it figures if you're planning to smoke a lot of pot and then make love, you better start lovemaking before you're too dopey to finish.

Too Skinny: About 1½ years ago my husband and I decided to have a child. I was 60 pounds overweight, and my doctor said I needed to lose weight before I became pregnant. Since you always gain weight during pregnancy, I decided to lose more than 60 pounds. So here I am, 75 pounds lighter, and I can't get pregnant. Now my doctor says I'm too underweight to conceive. I've never heard of that. Can you really be too skinny to get pregnant? —L. J. Lexington, Massachusetts

Yes, women who lose too much weight can become temporarily infertile. Dr. G. William Bates of the University of Mississippi in Jackson says the infertility is caused by the weight loss throwing off the hormonal "clock."

*Estrogen, one of the hormones responsible for reproduction, is stored in fat cells. When you lose too much fat, your estrogen balance may be thrown out of whack. (This can also happen if you exercise heavily. See *A & C* June 1982.) This can bring on temporary infertility. Dr. Bates has found that 73% of the underweight and infertile women he studied were able to conceive after they gained an average of eight pounds.*

Circle Jerk: My husband tells me when he was a kid, he used to have "circle jerks" with his friends. But he won't tell me what went on. I know it must have been pleasurable because he always smiles when he talks about it. Do you know what a circle jerk is? —F. P. Hershey, Pennsylvania

Your husband is talking about a masturbation ritual practiced by many adolescent boys. The guys all gather in a circle and start masturbating at the same time. Whoever comes first is declared the winner. Circle-jerking is a harmless practice kids get involved with when they first discover the joys of sexual arousal and orgasm. No wonder your husband has fond memories of it.

Herpes Update: About a year ago you mentioned that a company was working on the drug *acyclovir* to cure herpes. As a longtime sufferer, I'm anxious to find out if it works. —L. G. Jackson Hole, Wyoming

*There's good news and bad news. On the positive side, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration recently approved the use of *acyclovir* for treatment of genital herpes. The ointment, sold under the brand name *Zovirax*, seems to speed the healing of herpes sores and slow the growth of the virus that*

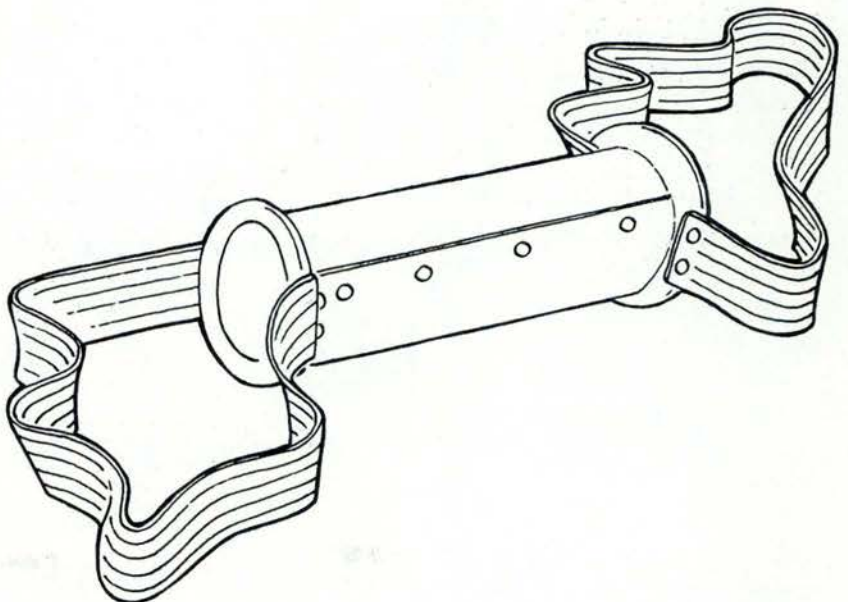
*causes the disease. In men, the medication also reduces the pain. Oddly, *Zovirax* has little or no pain-reducing effect on women.*

*Unfortunately, the FDA says the drug is effective for first-time herpes sufferers only. It says *Zovirax*'s effect on longtime sufferers like yourself is minimal. However, the manufacturers of the drug, Burroughs Wellcome, feel *Zovirax* holds promise for all afflicted. The drug is available only by prescription, and it has to be applied several times a day for a week. Although *Zovirax* is not a cure for herpes, it is a considerable advancement in that direction. That can only be good news for the nation's estimated 20 million herpes sufferers.*

Breastfeeding Arousal: Breastfeeding my five-month-old daughter is a pleasurable experience for me. I don't mean the joys of parenthood; I actually feel sexual pleasure. This is making me feel so guilty I'm thinking of stopping breastfeeding altogether. —R. F. Pontiac, Michigan

There is no reason to feel guilty. Sexual arousal during breastfeeding is a common occurrence. Sex researchers Masters and Johnson reported this in 25% of the women they studied. Reports Dr. Carol Weichert, a clinical assistant professor at the State University of New York Upstate Medical

POLISH DOUBLE-DILDO



DAVIDE TINSLEY

Center in Syracuse, "There is an overlap between the nurturing and erotic functions of the breast. . . . The hormones oxytocin and prolactin are both stimulated during breastfeeding and sexual intercourse."

If your doctor had explained this to you before you gave birth, you wouldn't be thinking twice about the sensations you're experiencing. Just relax and enjoy your child.

Menstrual Cramps: Every month before my period I get really tense and uptight. Then I get incredible cramps. I don't like to take pills or medication. Is there a natural solution to this problem?

—J. S.

Seattle, Washington

Medical research has finally proved what women have been saying for years—menstrual tension and cramps are very real. The probable cause is chemical surges in the body, especially an increased production of prostaglandins, a hormonelike substance.

Dr. Anthony Labrum of the University of Rochester School of Medicine suggests you take 50 mg. of Vitamin B6 every day. If that doesn't help, up the dosage to 75 mg. (You can safely take 100 mg. of B6 daily.) Also add 250-500 mg. of calcium ascorbate to your daily vitamin and mineral intake. The B6 and the calcium should decrease your premenstrual tension. Dr. Labrum also believes the contents of your diet may be responsible

for menstrual tension and cramps. He recommends women who have this problem cut their intake of red meat and eat fish three or four times a week. He says, "There's some evidence that the production of the specific prostaglandin responsible for premenstrual tension and menstrual cramps is related to the fish-meat ratio in the diet."

Children in Marriage: I'll be getting married soon. I'd like to have kids, but my fiancée says she's not sure. She says people who don't have children often have happier marriages.

—P. G.

Chicago, Illinois

Some research shows couples who remain childless by choice are better adjusted in their marriages. Childless couples tend to hold more common interests, share more projects and talk more than couples with kids.

When nationally syndicated columnist Ann Landers asked her readers if they had it to do all over again, would they still have children, an overwhelming (and surprising) majority said no.

Your chances for a happy life together won't depend on whether or not you have kids. But it may depend on whether you and your future wife agree on the subject. The fact you want children and your fiancée doesn't could be a major problem in your marriage. This is something you should discuss before you get married.

Penis Size: Since my high-school days (ten years ago) I've been as shy as anyone can be. There are plenty of girls who would have intercourse with me, but I'm afraid they might laugh. My cock is only about one inch long, and when it's hard, it's only five inches. I'm so ashamed that I only have sex with prostitutes. —S. M. Quantico, Virginia

How many times can we say that it's not the size that counts? First of all, you have nothing to be ashamed of. The average size of a non-erect penis is one to three inches. The average erect penis is five to seven inches long. So you see, your penis is not small at all.

You've been wasting a lot of years worrying about nothing. Concentrate on your sexual technique instead of on nonexistent problems. Remember, most women don't care how many inches you have, but rather how you use them.

Breast Development: I have an embarrassing problem. About ten weeks ago my doctor gave me Tagamet for my ulcer. The medication worked great; my ulcer is much better. But my chest is starting to resemble my wife's—I'm sporting a nice set of breasts. Could this be a side effect of the Tagamet? —C. K.

La Crosse, Wisconsin

You bet it could. Tagamet (generic name cimetidine) is part of a new class of drugs called histamine H2 antagonists. It has been known to cause gynecomastia (enlargement of the male breasts) in a small number of men. Tell your doctor immediately. He can prescribe another medication for your ulcer that won't develop your breasts. Your manly figure should return shortly after you stop taking the Tagamet.

Testes Test: My neighbor just found out he has cancer of the testicles. He's going to be all right; they caught it in time. Is there any way a guy can check for a problem like this one before it becomes serious?

—O. W.

Tallahassee, Florida

Testicular cancer, although rare, is currently on the rise. This disease, which used to affect mainly older men, is now the most common kind of cancer found in men between 15 and 35 years of age.

When detected early, the cancer is almost 100% curable; so many doctors are urging men to examine their testicles much like women examine their breasts. Once a month after you get out of a warm bath or shower (when the scrotal skin is most relaxed), you should feel your testicles for lumps. If you find something unusual, report it to your physician immediately. Not all lumps prove to be cancerous, but they should be examined by a doctor.

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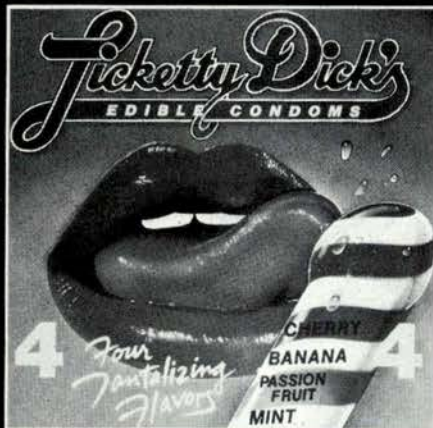
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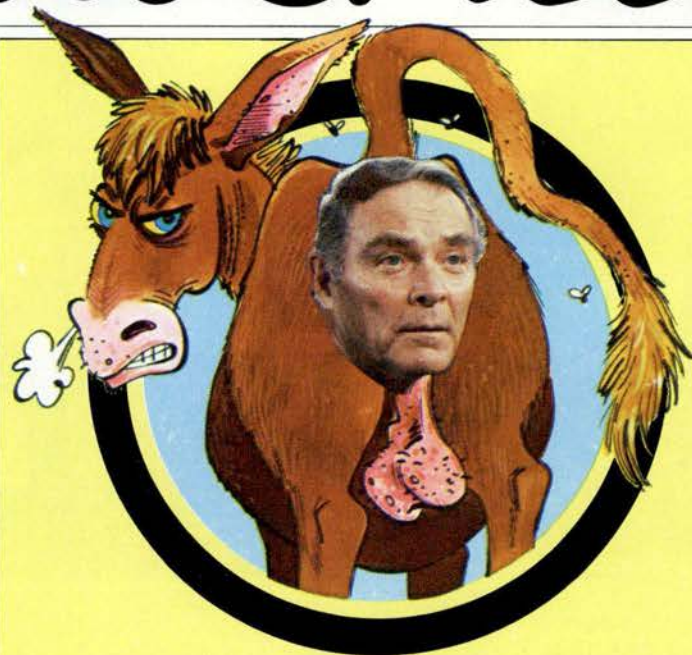
People from all walks of life have been written about on this page, but it's always the ones with the most political power who are the worst assholes. Few people have used their power to do as much harm as Alexander Haig, President Reagan's Secretary of State and HUSTLER's August Asshole of the Month.

The former Army general is known as the architect of America's El Salvador policy, which is enough in itself to totally discredit his integrity. But the insidious and deceitful methods he's used to shove his pro-Fascist policy down the throat of an unwilling American public reveal him to be a dangerous threat to human rights, and to democracy itself.

But what is this policy? Simply put, the United States is supposed to continue sending military and economic aid to the ruling Salvadoran government. Meanwhile, the whole world knows that this regime has systematically murdered thousands of its own citizens, as well as four American missionaries, at least one American reporter, and several other foreign journalists. Under Haig's guidance, millions of American dollars are being wasted to support a government that allows its citizens no rights whatsoever. It tortures and kills them if they complain about it—and even if they don't.

Sounds incredible, doesn't it? The head of foreign affairs for the world's leading democracy is square on the side of a scandalously repressive government. If you're outraged by that, you're not alone. Every major public-opinion poll on the subject has shown that Americans overwhelmingly reject any involvement in this endless civil war. But Haig isn't the kind of public servant who would attempt to carry out the will of the people. Instead, he's tried every trick in the book to sway public opinion in his favor.

To do this, Haig deviously tried to take advantage of



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Alexander Haig

Americans' hatred of communism—insisting that the revolution in El Salvador is solely the work of an international Marxist conspiracy. Forget the dirt-poor farmers who have been shackled by a repressive regime for decades. Forget the church leaders, the students and the political moderates who are fed up with living under fascism. In Haig's muddled view, any Salvadoran who wouldn't support the junta's virtual police state was a Communist. He insulted the intelligence of the American people by painting the entire Salvadoran conflict with a big red brush.

But where does it say America has to endorse any kind of totalitarian government—Com-

munist, Fascist or otherwise? Eventually Haig realized that the American people were balking at being brainwashed into supporting his policy. They demanded facts.

So Haig went about creating his own facts. Hoping to win support for the Salvadoran junta by convincing us that the opposition was inspired from outside the country, he told the world that he had proof that nearby Nicaragua (and possibly Cuba) was deeply involved in the Salvadoran rebellion. At a major press conference, Haig unveiled a young Nicaraguan who supposedly had admitted that he had undergone training in Cuba sponsored by the left-wing Nicaraguan government

specifically to help the rebel cause in El Salvador.

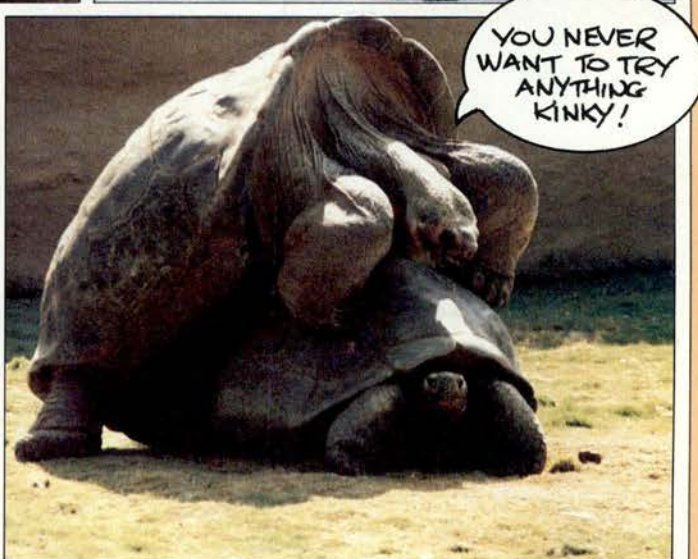
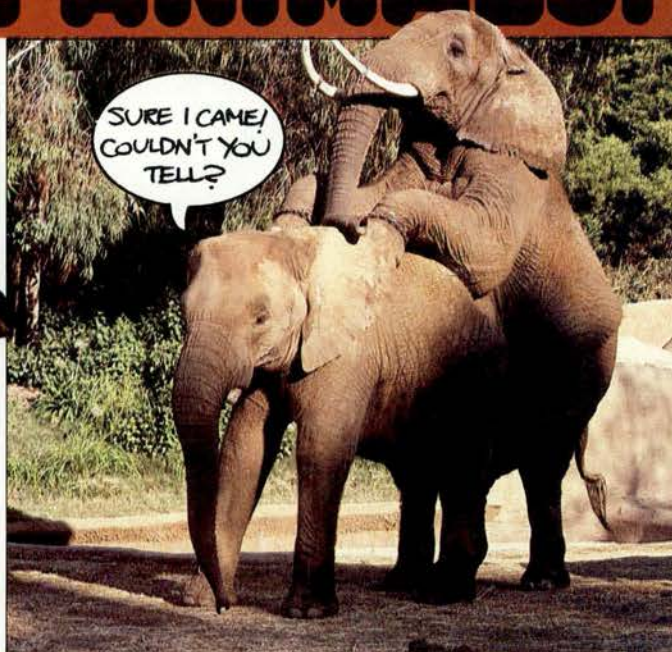
But Haig's big moment turned out to be the biggest bungle of his career. The Nicaraguan kid told the press that he was in El Salvador on his own. Further, he said his previous "confession" (that he had received special Communist training for fighting against the Salvadoran government) was a lie. He had only told Salvadoran authorities what they wanted to hear because he was being tortured.

Haig's worst offense is his hypocrisy concerning the whole Salvadoran issue. He's quick to bring a Nicaraguan prisoner of the Salvadoran government to the United States when he thinks that will help his cause. But when a Salvadoran defector asks for asylum in the United States in exchange for information on the murder in El Salvador of HUSTLER journalist John Sullivan, he refuses. Even though the Sullivan family is sure this man has solid information on the whereabouts of Sullivan's body, the State Department has dismissed his offer as "extortion."

Where the hell are this man's priorities? As we point out elsewhere in this issue (pages 5, 8 and 37), the State Department's "who cares?" attitude about the Sullivan disappearance has been a source of national shame, not to mention emotional anguish for the Sullivan family. This country cannot tolerate a Secretary of State who is so insensitive about the fate of an American citizen while being so zealous in his support of those who killed him.

But remember, this is the same Alexander Haig who, during the moments following the shooting of President Reagan, threw out the Constitution, claiming "I'm in charge" even though his office is well down the ladder of Presidential successors. Making a man like this Asshole of the Month isn't enough. He should be made *ex-Secretary of State*.

WE'RE ALL ANIMALS!





Baby Doll

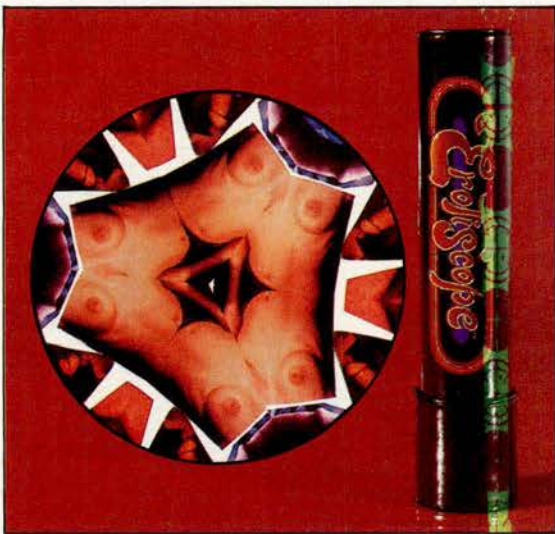
HUSTLER has always promoted sex education as a means to insure a happy, well-adjusted sex life. "Natalie" helps achieve that by providing an uncomplicated explanation of the birth process. She's just a rag doll, but she can give birth to a rag baby complete with umbilical cord and placenta! Even a young child can grasp the miracle of birth without the confusing or often-scary description an unprepared parent might unintentionally give. "Natalie" is \$25.50, including child and gown, from Monkey Business (P.O. Box 2603, Tallahassee, FL 32304). Add \$3 for shipping and handling charges.



Portable Peep Show

Ever take LSD and then try to peek through a keyhole at a couple having sex? If not, you can enjoy that same sensation with the Erotiscope. It's a real kaleidoscope filled with photos of naked

people doing what comes naturally. It's available with all-male, all-female or mixed photos. Send \$15 plus \$2 postage and handling to Halcyon Daze Inc. (18-05 215 St., Bayside, NY 11360).



Expire

FOR THE SUICIDAL

Wining and Dying!
An elegant double suicide, but don't splatter the platter!



The '82 Cars - Which Exhaust Pipe Is Right for You?

Dead Issue

There are probably hundreds of thousands of suicidal people in America with nothing depressing to read. How about a magazine to help send them over the edge? Just think how the em-

ployment rate will rise with these deadbeats out of the way. But if any publisher decides to do it, we've got one suggestion. Get those subscription payments in *advance*!

Ads We'd Like to See

Oh, no! He came all over me! What'll I clean it up with?

Premature ejaculation? Try Mounty, Honey. It's more absorbent!

Oops!

Mounty TOWELS

The Quicker-Dicker-Picker-Upper.

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

FREE DOWNLOAD

LATEST MAGAZINES

HIGH QUALITY TRUE-PDF

MAGDOWNLOAD.ORG

Fallen Women

When these ladies say they're going to drop in on you, be sure to wear a hardhat! Actually, no one is falling at all in these unusual shots, which are from the French photography magazine *Zoom* (2 rue du Fauborg Poissonniere, Paris, France 75010).

Thanks to some terrific special effects by photographer Taeke Henstra, the women only appear to be taking a dive. Everything is sitting on a large plate of glass, and he's positioned his camera to shoot from underneath. The angle brings us a totally different perspective. Everyone knows what a drag it is to be kept *hanging* on the telephone, and the lower photo takes that problem to new heights.

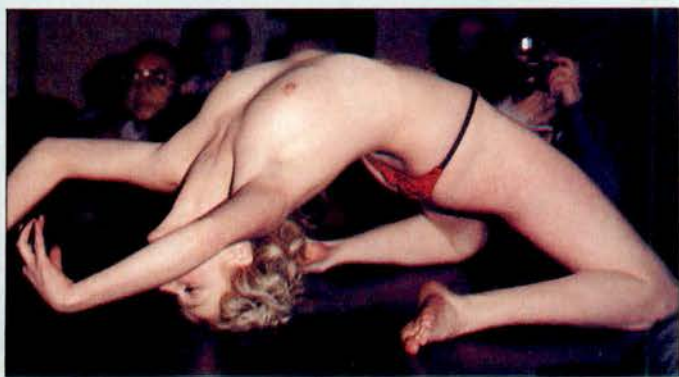
Of course, sometimes models do fall for a photographer—but not like this.



Up and Coming

Where are tomorrow's strippers coming from? Don't worry—the art of undressing is alive and well at the Sutter Street Theater in San Francisco. The

shots shown here were taken by a HUSTLER fan on amateur night, when newcomers are encouraged to do their thing with the lens... and in front of it. These photos show a lot of talent—and the camera work isn't bad either.



Fry Baby!

A Florida circuit-court judge almost forced a six-year-old girl to stand trial as an adult on assault charges. Judge R. A. Green originally ruled Nancy Burch would have to be tried for hitting seven-year-old Shirley Nickolls with a stick, but he changed his mind after a considerable public outcry.

Still, Judge Green may have been on the right track. The news is filled with ghastly tales of toddler violence. We've got to have a deterrent to child crime, something to strike fear in their vicious little hearts. And here's just the device to do it—the electric high chair!

Think how convenient it would be! You could serve the last meal and electrocute them in the same place.





Twins... Sort of

Just think how many science-fiction movies based on this bizarre twist of nature are now science *nonfiction*. This actual shot of a two-headed female child is part of a fine collection of photos in the French magazine *Photo-Reporter* (29, rue Claude Terrasse, Paris, France 75016). Maybe there's a future centerfold in this...

Our Sign

The odds were probably a million to one against this actually happening, but here it is in beautiful Flagstaff, Arizona. Is it possible anyone out there lives near the corner of Bits & Pieces?



New Look

HUSTLER's interest in *Harvey* stems from the fact that its publisher, Harvey Shapiro, was once a marketing executive with Larry Flynt Publications. So when he started his own mag, it was like a fledgling leaving the nest. Like most offspring, he was slow to learn from his elders, and *Harvey* suffered. But in recent years better cartoons, writing and photos

have pulled it above the glut of grade C sex magazines. Shapiro must have learned something from us because the more his book continues to grow, the smarter we look.



Nuclear Freeze

The Soviet Union has implied that they're going ahead with a nuclear freeze. So what? Is this supposed to cool the hotheads in Washington?

Our version of the Soviet proposal shows how useless a nuclear freeze really is to world safety. Just look at it—melt-down is inevitable!

Of course, this will give President Reagan something that he's always dreamed about—a chance to lick the Russians.



IS IT LIES...

...OR IS IT MEMOR-EXEC?



THE
TAPE
OF THE
PRESIDENTS

Heavy Recording Session

Now that we know Franklin D. Roosevelt, John Kennedy and Richard Nixon all taped White House conversations, why not capitalize on it? We're not sure

what brand of tape they used, but here's a possible ad for the lucky company. It could even have a special tape for aspiring bureaucrats—and make it *red*.



BEST of CHIC No. 3

SIZZLING PHOTOS AND MUCH MORE!



Pick Up the Best

BEST OF CHIC No. 3 won't be on the stands forever; so don't miss this fantastic collection of beautiful women and mind-blowing articles from the magazine that does it all with class.

Get a copy of BEST OF CHIC No. 3 from your newsstand, or send \$3.95 (plus \$1 for handling) to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

Smoke-Eater

Jesse Helms, the Moral Majority-ite senator from North Carolina and staunch defender of the tobacco industry, is promoting a new use for the tobacco leaf. He's trying to get federal assistance for an investigation into the use of *tobacco protein as a food additive*.

Helms claims the use of tobacco

protein to enhance nutrition would help to "eradicate hunger in the world." It would also help to eradicate the current slump in the tobacco industry caused by reduced cigarette consumption. Putting an ingredient in your food that's known to cause cancer when smoked seems like a dangerous way to add protein. But Helms is serious—dead serious. Wonder how he'd feel if he had to eat his words?



PACKED & SHIPPED BY
F. H. HOGUE CO.
YUMA, ARIZONA
FIREBAUGH, CALIFORNIA

BUXOM

PRODUCE OF U.S.A.

MELONS



Crate Art

Elaborate art for fruit-crate labels flourished in the United States from 1900 to 1940. The purpose was to clearly distinguish one packing company from another.

But some of the label designers got carried away. As a matter of fact, these crate labels are

so suggestive, anyone reading them might be confused about what's inside! Still, there are a few subtle clues. For example, with a brand name like Gay Cock, could the label be for anything but fruit? And Buxom Melons—those are definitely the kind you squeeze in the supermarket, aren't they? Unless someone happens to complain to the manager, of course.



He Followed Me Home!

Here's a tough one—why do big dogs put their noses into women's behinds? Mankind has probably worked on that puzzle for thousands of years, but the zany crew of editors at *Hara-Kiri* magazine (10, rue des Trois-Portes, Paris, France

75005) were the first to develop a cure.

Seen here with the aid of our English translations, this hilarious advertising parody is bound to inspire some cash-heavy entrepreneur with a nose for big assets.



Parcel Post-Mortem

It's true. For only \$40 you can send a telegram to the dead. At least that's what an enterprise called Heaven's Union is promising. The Southern California company's method involves contacting a terminally ill person who will memorize your message for later delivery to a

deceased recipient. According to Heaven's Union founder Gabriel Gabor, hundreds of messages have already been sent, including ones to celebrities like John Lennon and Rudolph Valentino.

We see some problems here. What if you're trying to reach

someone "up there" and the messenger gets routed below? Worse yet, what if the terminally ill patient happens to recover? There goes one-day service. We suggest just digging up the corpse and handing over the telegram. That's every bit as likely to get the message across, and you eliminate the middleman.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Good thing you have this yeast infection!
It saves money on K-Y Jelly!"

Fresh Fruit

This reader submission shows a peach that was obviously picked too early. Anyone can see it's still hard.



HUSTLER Update

**PSYCHIC
DOROTHY
ALLISON**
February '82

Famed psychic Dorothy Allison had been helping Atlanta cops search for the killer of 28 black youths when HUSTLER interviewed her. As she told us, "I've given people's names and places to the Atlanta police. They're on tape, but no one else can hear it yet." Since then Wayne B. Williams has been convicted of two of the murders and is presumed to be responsible for the other 26. Allison now reveals that in 1980 officers were made aware of her tape, which contained a description of Williams along with his last name. Regrettably, the Atlanta authorities ignored her tip when half of those 28 youths were still alive.



**MURDER
BY GOV-
ERNMENT**
October '80

Nearly two years ago, HUSTLER cautioned that "our own government has consistently lied about the hazards of nuclear-weapons testing and has knowingly risked American lives." Now Judge June Green of the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C., has ordered the federal government to hold public hearings on its guidelines defining the amount of exposure that nuclear-testing participants received at a blast site. This could be a first step in the reexamination of standards the government has insisted are "fair." We said that "government lies have actually killed American citizens" by claiming dangerous dosages are safe. Now we've been joined by the courts in our call for changes.



Contributors HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we'll return art on request (enclose SASE). For August, \$150 goes to Chris Forgeron, James Lansbarkis and John Matthews.

adult entertainment—from sizzling girls who can't say no, to outrageous humor. It's all here, and you can have it delivered to your door by clipping out the coupon below. HUSTLER—the savings plan with the *highest* interest.

Phone Number (Include Area Code.)

EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Dave
Yuzo Spector

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Peaches and Cream

Three-Quarters Erect.
Produced by Mark Corby;
directed by Robert McCallum; written by John Rio; starring Annette Haven, Paul Thomas, Holly McCall, Jessie Adams, Chelsea McClane, Sparcy Willis, Sandra Martin, Tigr, Dale Meador, Jerry Health, Eric Stewart and Tony Richards.



Above and below: In 'Peaches and Cream' the sensuous Annette Haven pleases women and men alike.

Perhaps no erotic story is as arousing as the tale of the farmer's daughter who travels to the big city in search of fame and fortune only to find sex and sin. The story has been told in many fashions in the past, but in *Peaches and Cream* it takes on a whole new meaning. Filled with psychological implications and having a brisk, well-constructed narrative, this porn pleaser will satisfy anyone who ever wanted to go down on the farm.

As the title might suggest, the movie is full of sweet things, including its star, Annette Haven. The able actress plays the physically adroit Sunny, a farmgirl with a heart of gold and a wet, inviting cunt.

When Haven can no longer take her abusive stepfather (Dale Meador), she heads to the teeming metropolis—but not before frolicking in a field with her boyfriend (Jerry Health).

Before long the once-sheltered waif is making the jet-set party scene and falls into the world of prostitution. At one glamorous fete, Haven and her city friends watch two dynamite black chicks (Sparcy Willis and Sandra Martin) who perform a sexually alluring dance before giving an oil exec (Paul Thomas) a two-tongued blowjob.

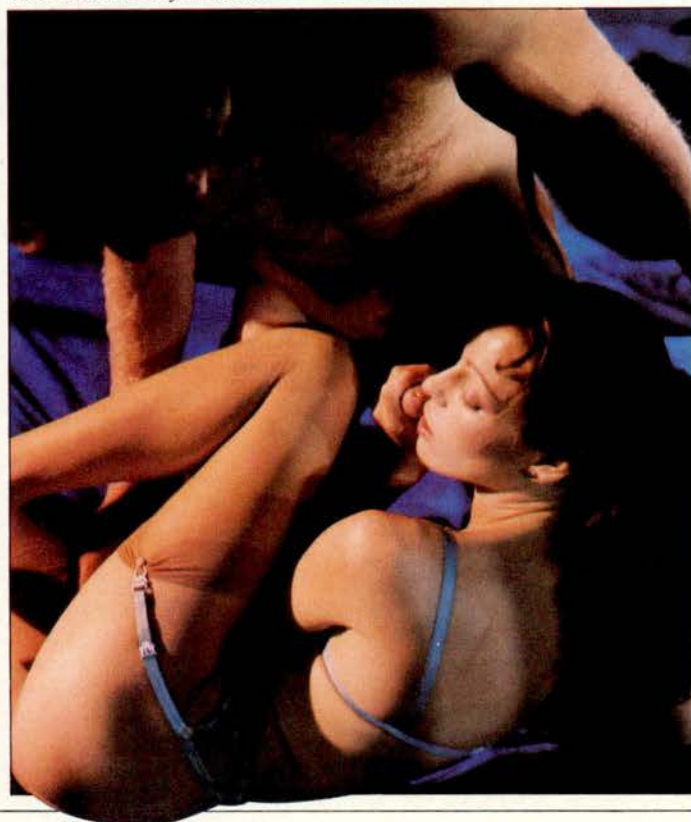
Some time later, Haven goes to a psychiatrist (Eric Stewart) to find out why she is having recurring flashbacks, which are carefully edited to make the maximum impact. When he tells her the reason behind them, she rewards him with a major helping of down-home twat. Haven goes to the farm to sort out her spiritual problems, as her doctor suggests, but quickly returns to the city. Waiting for her with open arms is her debonair pimp, expertly played by the cool and calm Tony Richards.

Peaches and Cream can make even the most oversexed filmgoer gasp for more air. Thanks to an easy-to-follow yet intriguing story line, this is a robust feature that always engages and never bores. From the skillful photography to the more-than-

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- 1 FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
- 2 THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
- 3 HALF ERECT**
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
- 4 ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
- 5 TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



generous portions of dynamic sex, *Peaches and Cream* is a worthy vehicle for the sensuous Annette Haven. —Jeffrey Ressler

Wild Dallas Honey

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Michelle Ames; written and directed by Jeffrey Fairbanks; starring Honey Wilder, Randy West, Eric Edwards, Sharon Mitchell, Brooke West, Tigr, Paul Thomas, Jasmine DuBois and James Patrick.

Like many of the newer adult films, *Wild Dallas Honey* holds the viewer's interest by beefing up the action between the "dirty parts." This may not help candy sales, but it's a treat to see lively, shoot-'em-up shenanigans in a near-perfect package.

The core of the story is the old line, "Of course I'll wait until you get out of prison," delivered by a teary-eyed gal with country looks and country jugs. Tired of waiting, though, she gets hitched to a wealthy man instead.

That's where the film opens, with Kelly (Honey Wilder)



'Wild Dallas Honey': Paul Thomas checks out Sharon Mitchell.

got a piece of welcome tail.

Husband Denver (Eric Edwards) provides Kelly with plenty of money but does little for her in the sack. When he takes a business trip, she picks up her friend Sandra (Sharon Mitchell), whose jealous husband Butch (James Patrick) constantly beats her.

The two hot-to-trot ladies head for the Water Wheel nightclub, a sort of Studio 54 for cowboys. A new band is

of humorous action ensues.

Meanwhile, hubby Denver is porking his ex-wife (Jasmine DuBois). And poor Duane still pines for his true love, Kelly, fantasizing about her with a string of hookers.

Even for those who aren't lesbian fans, the best scene comes when Kelly is seduced by the Water Wheel's bandleader, June (Tigr). June has a small frame, but her streamlined figure makes for a great turn-on.

Kelly soon learns of Denver's affair. Angered and relieved at the same time, she hears that Duane is appearing in a rodeo and sets out to win him back.

Wild Dallas Honey goes from wild to mild a few too many times to call it a 100% winner. The leading lady could have been more appealing, and the attempted parody of TV's *Dallas* is sketchy. But a solid story, a superb soundtrack and nice little surprises like Tigr make this film tastier than a western barbecue.

—D. Y. S.

Beauty

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced, directed and written by Warren Evans; starring Loni Sanders, Jamie Gillis, Lauren Dominique, Jeanette James, Mai Lin, Vanessa Del Rio, Kathy Harcourt, Sara Cruz and Paul Thomas.

If you're a big fan of porn tart Loni Sanders, you'll probably want to catch *Beauty*, one of her latest releases. Although there are some downbeat moments, the lovely Sanders remains the film's lusty centerpiece throughout.

Sort of an updated *Beauty and the Beast* tale, this Warren Evans pic opens with a shower scene in which Sanders, playing Beauty Mara, dreams about dancing with a fantasy lover. Her climax is interrupted when one of her sisters (Jeanette James) pounds on the door. Later, the girls' father returns from a business trip with bad news. An unlucky gambler, he's lost his savings in a card game to a mysterious sex-magazine publisher named Martin Gross (Jamie Gillis).

The film's plot twist occurs when Gillis makes an irresistible offer: If Mr. Mara lets his most beautiful daughter live with him for a year, the sex magnate

will let the debt slide. Beauty is troubled by the deal, but she moves to Manhattan in order to help her father.

The bulk of the flick revolves around Gillis shocking the naive Beauty with his lewd treatment of women and his expensive tastes in food, clothes and entertainment. Meanwhile, the comely maiden's jealous sisters plot to separate their sib-



In 'Beauty,' sex magnate Jamie Gillis is looking for new talent.

ling from her rich keeper.

Using their feminine wiles, the girls lure her back home, and one of them (Lauren Dominique) begins a lesbian/incestuous affair with her. But Beauty is on edge, constantly dreaming of her fantasy lover as in the first scene. When she learns that Gillis is deathly ill, she returns to New York to nurse him back to health. Underneath his macho image, the king of sex rags turns out to be a misunderstood, highly romantic man.

The camerawork in *Beauty* is nothing short of sensational. Director of photography Palo Coeli has managed to evoke very sensuous moods with sweeping camera movements, suggestive angles and distinctive lighting. Many of the shots in this feature are composed as well as those in straight Hollywood films.

If you dig watching Loni Sanders and don't mind a few flaws, you may enjoy sitting through *Beauty*. It's not an epic by any means; yet it does have plenty of redeeming qualities, including Jamie Gillis in the role he does best—the de-



In 'Dallas,' Honey Wilder experiences a taste of femininity with Tigr.

picking up her former beau Duane (Randy West) at the penitentiary. She fesses up to her crime, and Duane is rather pissed. He lays rubber out of town, leaving selfish Kelly in a cloud of rural dust. Too bad the subject came up before Duane

playing some excellent country-and-western music, and Sandra starts drooling over pianist Will (Paul Thomas). Kelly lands a man too, and they all slip out to a motel. When Sandra's villainous husband finds them, a *Smokey and the Bandit* brand



'Beauty': Sex is the main dish at a big bash thrown by Jamie Gillis.

mented sex geek with a heart of gold. With just enough turn-ons to go around, *Beauty* makes for a pretty picture. —J. R.

Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood

One-Quarter Erect. Produced, directed and written by Paul G. Vatellic; starring Juliet Anderson, Rhonda Jo Petty, Lisa De Leeuw, Little Oral Annie, Lee Carroll, Ron Jeremy, Tara Hupp, Jeff Conrad and Jean Phillips.

Imagine going to see *On Golden Pond* and then finding

out it's just a puddle of piss. That's how most adult-filmgoers will probably feel about *Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood*. Besides having a threadbare plot, lackluster dialogue, uninspired fucking and ugly actresses, this minor entry into the porn pool hardly even shows off its so-called star (Juliet Anderson).

The entire story, using the word lightly, revolves around the casting of an explicit film by Aunt Peg, who's supposed to be a big-time producer. Although hardly anyone sees the movie mogul, everybody who is starting work on the feature gets laid, from the director (Jeff Conrad) to the receptionist (Jean Phillips). That's the plot. There are no real characters.

A typical scene: An aspiring actress (Lee Carroll) goes to see an agent (Ron Jeremy) for a part. He has to see if she can give good head, and so she sucks him off. There's little character motivation, little dialogue and, as a result, the audience will more than likely display little interest.

There are a few (very few) good touches, some of which are arousing. Throughout the picture the cameraman focuses on the actresses' erogenous zones, providing extreme close-ups of throbbing clitorises, erect nipples and moist tongues.

A little humor is thrown in now and again as well. In one sequence Aunt Peg's assistant, Annie (Little Oral Annie), looks quizzically at a painting of a male nude and then starts giving it head. It's these tiny throwaway bits that help save this movie from being a complete disaster.

The balling that occurs in *Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood* isn't even performed by attractive ladies. Either they are out-and-out dogs, or they have pretty faces with gross bodies. Little Oral Annie has a winsome smile, for instance, and gives great head, but her ass looks like the Elephant Man's face.

Unless you like a movie that totally ignores its star, pass this one by, porn fans. —J. R.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Thousand and One Erotic Nights
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle 8 to 4
Exhausted
Fox Trot
Indecent Exposure
Never So Deep
Nightdreams
Nothing to Hide
Outlaw Ladies
Pandora's Mirror
The Best of Gail Palmer
The Dancers

Three-Quarters Erect

American Desire
Between the Sheets
Centerspread Girls
Country Comfort
Delicious
Extreme Close-up
Garage Girls
Inside Seka
Sex Boat
The Tale of Tiffany Lust
Urban Cowgirls

Half Erect

Aunt Peg's Fulfillment
Centerfold Fever
Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl
Flash
Manhattan Mistress
Roommates
Seven Seductions of Madame Lau
Skin on Skin
Skintight
The Filthy Rich
The Tiffany Minx
Trash

One-Quarter Erect

Fireworks
Sweet Cheeks
Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Hot Dallas Nights
Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Naughty Network
The Seductress



Even an erotic painting isn't safe from Little Oral Annie, one of the horny ladies in 'Hollywood.'

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Hellfire

By Nick Tosches; Dell Publishing Company Inc., 1 Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, New York, NY 10017; hardcover \$14.95, paper \$6.95.

Some of the thoughts evoked by *Hellfire: The Jerry Lee Lewis Story*: a hot night in L.A. when, after a 50-minute stage wait, Jimi Hendrix emerges to curse us all, the thousands of us. Then, with the flames of his anger, he takes us on the broad back of his music and carries us all from here to far-out.

... Janis Joplin, warned she'd shred her throat if she



The lusts and loves of Jerry Lee Lewis are exposed in 'Hellfire.'

keeps up that screaming drive of hers, asks pointedly, "I should sing mediocre now so I can sing mediocre 20 years from now?" ... Merle Haggard, fighting the law and losing every battle until his music takes him—almost against his will—out of solitary in San Quentin and up to the top of his craft.

... Elvis Presley, with a planet in the palm of his hand, never quite closing his fingers on it, going out obese and addicted ... and Jerry Lee Lewis, who risked the condemnation of his peers by marrying his 13-year-old cousin.

What makes these living, breathing treasure vaults of talent turn so angrily on themselves? With their own fingernails they disembowel themselves. Why?

Jerry Lee Lewis, "The Killer," must have been born almost indestructible. He came from the shanty South, with a pump in the yard and an out-house yonder, all the way to private planes, Rolls-Royces and Cadillacs. And all the way down again with handcuffs on his wrists and everything taken away from him—taken away, ultimately, by himself.

Carried away early by Fundamentalist religion, he gave a lifetime of belief to the conviction that there is only heaven and hell, nothing else; that for all his rage and anguish, nothing he could ever do would bring him salvation. Added to this, he was gifted with a talent so powerful that he seemed unable to contain it. Flames seemed to spurt from his hands as he attacked his piano. He was likely to turn that fury elsewhere too: toward his women, his friends and co-workers, and his audiences.

Nick Tosches brings all of this very much to life. I sit here swept away by it, waiting for a special on cable TV called *The Jerry Lee Lewis Story: 25 Years*. But all I see is evidence—no answers. Why do these giants so murderously hate themselves?

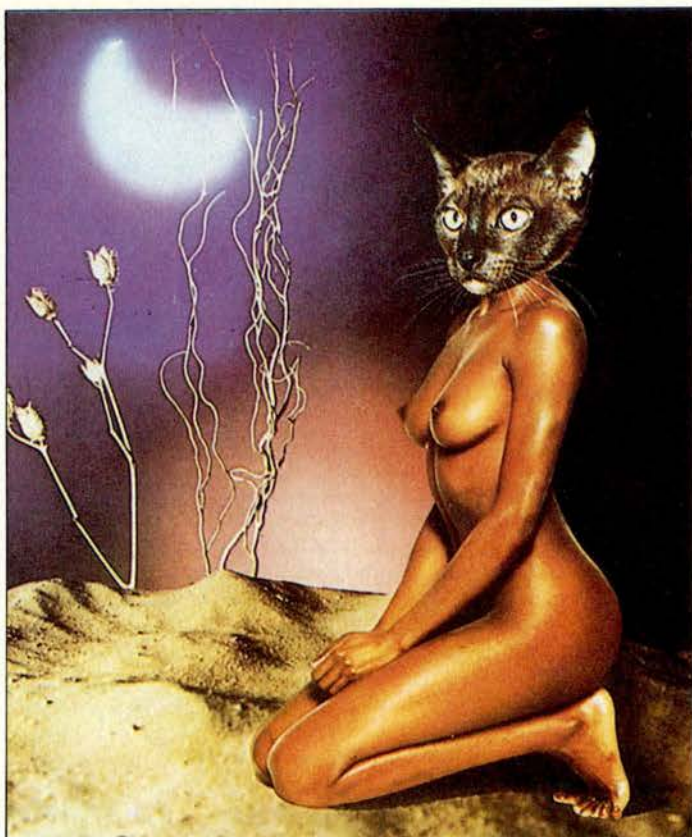
Techniques for Photographing Women

By Peter Barry; Chartwell Books Inc., 110 Enterprise Ave., Secaucus, NJ 07094; \$12.98.

Let's say you don't own a camera, you don't intend to, you've never taken a picture, and you never will. You'll still want this book once you get your hands and eyes on it.

If you are a lens freak, you'll thumb through it for a long, enchanted time. Here are 320 color plates, produced as close to perfection as you'll want to see, with clear text explaining the high points of each—how it's done, if it's important, the name of the model, the location, and what special problems had to be handled.

In addition, there's a section on the adventures and misadventures of the camera pro who



'Techniques for Photographing Women': Female and feline merge.

arrives in some exotic location with his girls, equipment and mountains of luggage. Somehow he winds up in the local slammer for "indecent exposure" after shooting on what seemed to be a totally deserted beach.

We discover what happens when the star model misses the plane, or falls and gets bruises, or gets sunburned, or bitten by some mysterious insect that produces bumps and red spots. We see the genius and sometimes-outright heroism of the backup crew—makeup artists, photo assistants, and the "go-

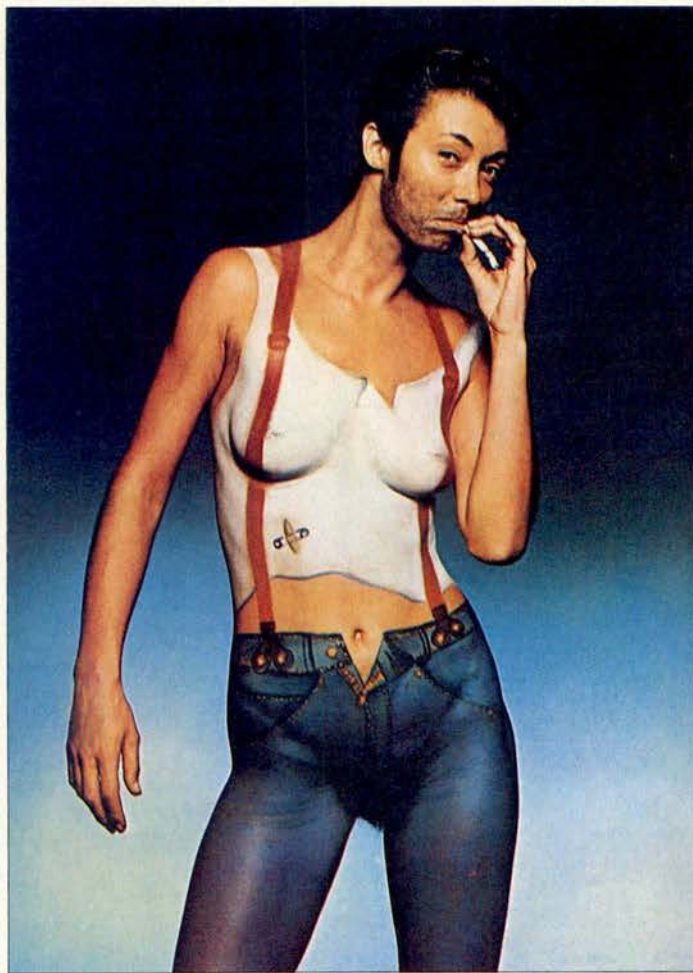
fers" who take care of reservations, itineraries, lost baggage and spoiled film.

Also, there's the bullheadedness of advertising people who may know advertising but don't know doodle-e-squat about photography. And then there are the agencies that send short brunettes when you've requested tall blondes.

But the big thing about this big book is pictures. Hundreds of beautiful pictures of beautiful women. If you've an appetite for the feminine form, *Techniques for Photographing Women* is a must.



The feminine physique is tastefully photographed in 'Techniques.'



Children in Chains

By Clifford L. Linedecker; Everest House, 33 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023; \$15.95.

A girl complaining of vaginal pains was taken to a hospital. She had a venereal disease. She claimed her mother's boyfriend had made it with her a number of times. The guy was arrested but freed the next day. A spokesman for the Cook County (Illinois) state's attorney said the girl would not be competent to testify. Why not? Because she was three years old.

One night, despite the ministrations of a half-dozen social-services agencies, something or somebody made a hooker go through a tenth-floor window in a New York City hotel. She was 12 years old.

The sexual exploitation of young children has gone on for thousands of years, but today it's much more widespread than anyone wants to acknowledge. So look at it. Thousands of kids—eight, nine, 13, 15—are

prostituted by pimps, pedophiles and even their parents.

Kiddie pornographers go for the classic buck. Where organized crime is involved, indications are that they protect themselves with an army of slick lawyers—specialists who can go through appeal after appeal, wearing out witnesses and finding cracks in the law for these vermin to slip through. As for the pedophiles, the "chicken hawks," it isn't money that makes them target tots; it's mental sickness. And in a way they're the hardest of all to nail.

The kids are primarily runaways or throwaways. They're battered children who are very readily roped by men who extend to them what they never got at home—love, shelter, enough to eat.

The author uses "pornography" as a bad word. He names a lot of names (his research is meticulous), but never once does he throw a rock at this magazine. HUSTLER's stand against the mistreatment of children is too well known for that.

This is a powerful book. A



Retouching and airbrushing transform a beautiful young woman (above) into a sexual freak (left).

growing number of good people are, at long last, confronting this cancer. There are new state laws with real teeth in them. And at last there's a federal statute. We'll never scrape this rot off our national body until we realize that *all* children are *our* children.

Splatter Movies

By John McCarty; FantaCo Enterprises Inc., 21 Central Ave., Albany, NY 12210; \$8.95.

"How did they do that?" That question, says author John McCarty at the beginning of his book, is the main reason for the "splatter" movie. But I disagree.


Splatter movies are an offshoot, or maybe a mutant, of what has been known as the horror film. They have inevita-

bly resulted from the erosion of censorship on sex-and-violence pictures. We've come a long way with the sex; full-frontal nudity is now commonplace in high-budget, mainstream films. Violence just had to be the next step.

How do you get more violent than cutting someone's head off, as was done, for example, in Russ Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*? Well, you don't tease the audience by focusing on the victim's feet as the sword comes down and slicing and crunching are heard. Oh, no! You bring your camera right up by the victim's neck, go to slow motion, and watch the blade penetrate skin and gristle and bone while globs of gore come spurting out at you. Now *that* is splatter.

I'll admit the "How did they do that?" is a matter of great curiosity and interest. But I can't go along with McCarty when he suggests that this fascination is what puts lines of people halfway around the block. McCarty concedes that neither plot nor quality are grabbing you. No, friends, it's something in us.

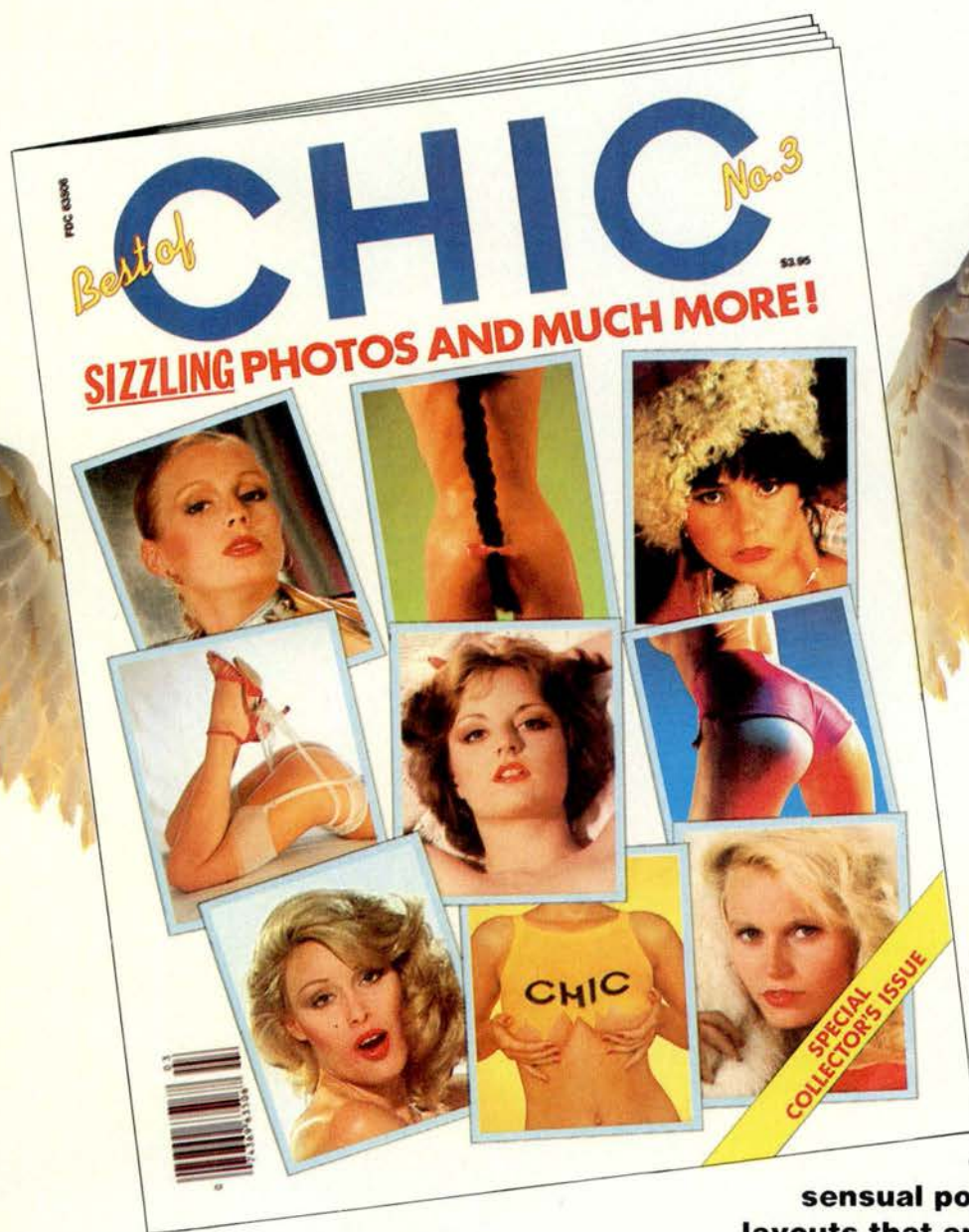
It's sitting safe right next to deadly peril. It's watching agony and feeling no pain. It's being alive in the presence of death. I think the real question to ask is, "How do *we* do that?"

Anyway, there's gore galore in this package, tastefully toned down to black-and-white. If the book had been printed in color, you'd have to carry it in a bucket. And in all justice, it's the best essay on the subject around. 



Blood and gore are the bill of fare in John McCarty's 'Splatter Movies.'

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A self-proclaimed expert at the art of cocksucking once said that a woman does three basic things when she gives head to a man: "She gets him going, she gets him ecstatic, and she gets him off!" After all, it is the woman who is doing all the work here. The only problem is that some men never realize the full excitement that can be had from fellatio, because they are unaware of what they can do to help their ladies out.

We selected four women to take part in a panel discussion on the subject. What they had to say proved that there is a right way to give head and a right way to receive it.

The panelists are: Joan, a 25-year-old legal secretary; Nancy, a 28-year-old high-school teacher; Sarah, who works in a department store and is 30; and Pauline, 26, who describes herself as an "ex-housewife."

HUSTLER: How do each of you feel about giving head?

JOAN: I think it's a tremendous turn-on... as long as we're both in the mood.

NANCY: I have nothing against it, but I don't want to do it every time we make love.

SARAH: I love it!

PAULINE: I like it too! It's a great way to show a man that you're into him.

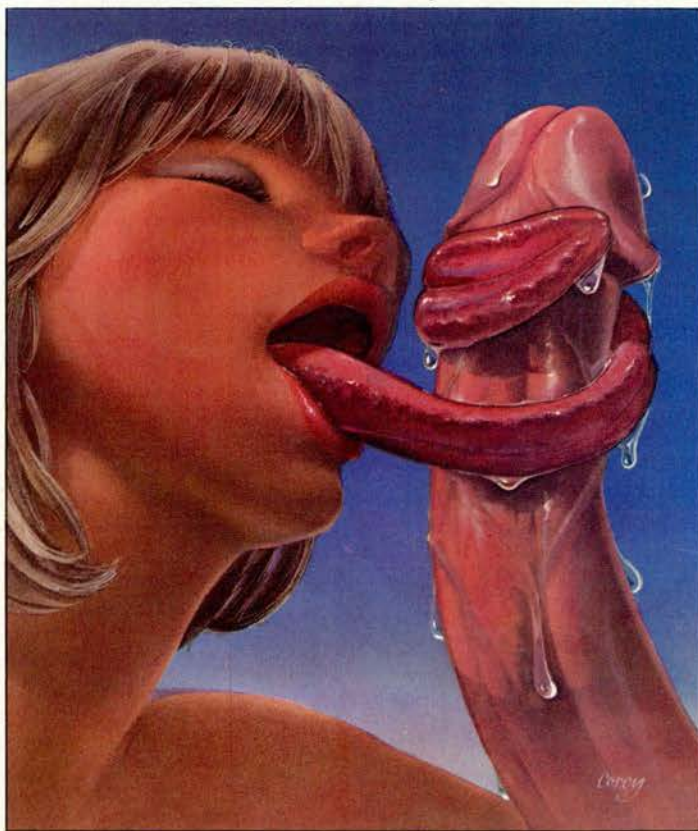
HUSTLER: What is the best time to give head?

JOAN: I think the best time is when you're lying in bed and beginning to explore each other's bodies just before fucking.

NANCY: My favorite time is when we're already fucking. You know, he's turned on and really getting down. I climb off and go down and start blowing him. I've found that most guys get turned on by this because it makes them think you're a little freaky.

SARAH: The best time is right after you've fucked. You go down on him and lick the juices off his limp cock. When I do this, I look up into his eyes like a kitten. This *really* turns a guy on. Most women are capable of multiple orgasms, but too many men are content with one.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



GETTING HEAD: A PANEL DISCUSSION

There's no better way to get a guy up again. Besides, after one orgasm his staying power is prolonged, and that makes the sex even more enjoyable.

PAULINE: The best time is when you've just met a guy. As soon as you get home, pour him some wine, then get down on your knees and start giving him head. After he comes, relax for a while before getting into it in the bedroom. The guy doesn't have time to worry about penis size or his ability to perform, because you've already sampled it before going to bed.

HUSTLER: What's the worst time to give head?

JOAN: The worst time is when you've

just come home from a disco and the guy has been drinking. His crotch is all sweaty, and you can smell stale urine and stuff.

NANCY: The worst time to give a blowjob is when I have a cold. You can't breathe, and your nose keeps running. It's unfair for a guy to expect a woman who has a cold to give him head.

SARAH: The worst time I can think of is when I'm slightly drunk. I can't control what I'm doing. My lips get numb, and I get a little careless. I have a tendency to scrape the guy's cock with my teeth. If a man wants a blowjob, he should make sure the girl is sober.

PAULINE: The worst time? Right after we've had an argument and we're starting to make up. If we lie down next to each other or we're sitting on the sofa... for him to start pushing my head down to give him a blowjob brings up all of my anger again! Asking me to give him a blowjob means he's trying to put me back in the submissive role. *He* should go down on me in this situation.

HUSTLER: What is the best position for fellatio, and why do you prefer it?

JOAN: My favorite position is when the guy is standing up and I'm on my knees in front of him. That way, I can put my hands around the cheeks of his ass and control how he moves. I can push his body back if he starts to thrust forward too much,

and I can also pull him to me to get his cock farther down my throat.

NANCY: I like it when the guy's lying down on his back and I'm kind of squatting between his legs. I can pull my hair to one side and get into it. My knees don't get sore, and I feel like I can prolong what's going on. Besides, I know my man is comfortable too.

SARAH: The best position for me is when I'm lying with my head on a pillow and the guy is kneeling—he straddles my chest and kind of thrusts his cock in and out of my mouth. I'm relaxed and comfortable, and I can concentrate on what I'm doing to his cock. If he thrusts too much or not enough, I

can grab his ass and control his movements from that position.

PAULINE: I like it when we're both lying on our sides, facing each other in a modified 69 position, because it's more fun if the guy's doing something to me at the same time. While I'm giving him a blowjob, he can be masturbating me with his fingers or just playing with the inside of my thighs. But I don't want him to eat me out while I'm blowing him. I like to wait for that.

HUSTLER: Now that we've discussed the best position for giving head, what do you think is the worst one?

JOAN: The 69 position with the guy on his back and me on top is the worst position. In the first place, it's very awkward. Your teeth scrape the bottom of his cock, and you're limited as to what you can do. For example, in the 69 position it's almost impossible to flick your tongue around the glans, on the underside of the penis, which is a way to make a guy have a super orgasm. Also, you have to keep your cunt lowered to his face, or he'll wind up with a stiff neck.

NANCY: I think the worst position for giving a blowjob is flat on your back with the guy in kind of a 69 position, thrusting his cock into your mouth. There's no way you can control the action, because your head is pinned between the bed and his hips. It's difficult

to move your head or add *anything* to the experience. You can't even touch his balls in that position.

SARAH: I think one of the worst positions is in a car, because you can't get your body in a position to do it well.

PAULINE: I guess I'd consider any position in which he can't do something to me while I'm doing something to him the worst. While I'm giving him a blowjob, I think he ought to play with me or at least fondle my breasts.

HUSTLER: What can a guy do to turn you on while you are giving head?

JOAN: It's important for a guy to give you incentive by telling you how well you're doing—to express the sensations he's feeling by moaning and groaning when it feels good, and by saying things like "Oh, that's fantastic" or "Suck it, baby." That's encouraging.

NANCY: I like a guy to make me feel comfortable about my body. He can do this by sitting up with his legs straight out. Then he can grab my breasts and fondle them, telling me how great my body feels.

SARAH: I like a guy who makes me feel wild, the kind who starts thrashing when he gets turned on. Also, I like the man to put his legs around my head so that I feel like I'm captured and almost forced to do it. Submissiveness is what turns me on about giving a blowjob.

PAULINE: I like a guy to finger-fuck me while I'm giving him head. I get really turned on by that. And the more turned on I get, the more uninhibited and daring I become. I'm much more aggressive, and I'm more apt to do things like deep-throat him or give him a rimjob. It's definitely to the guy's benefit to turn me on while I'm giving him head.

HUSTLER: When you're giving a blowjob, what might a man do to turn you off the most?

JOAN: I hate it when the guy grabs my head, puts his fingers in my hair and pulls my head into his crotch like he's fucking my face, with no consideration for my breathing or if I'm gagging or whatever! That is really unfair, and it turns me off. I'm doing him a favor. I'm not his slave.

NANCY: I think it's a turn-off when a guy starts saying things like "You're a great cocksucker. You must have had a lot of practice." Don't get me wrong. I like men to turn me on with talk—tell me how good I am—but to bring up my past sexual experiences is a definite turn-off. Another thing that gets to me is for him to say, "You should have met this one chick who gave me a blowjob. She could *really* do it well." I take anything like that as a put-down. If a guy implies that you are very experienced, he may be implying that you're a slut, and that makes many girls not *want* to do a good job. They'll simply act naive and inexperienced in order to make the guy feel special.

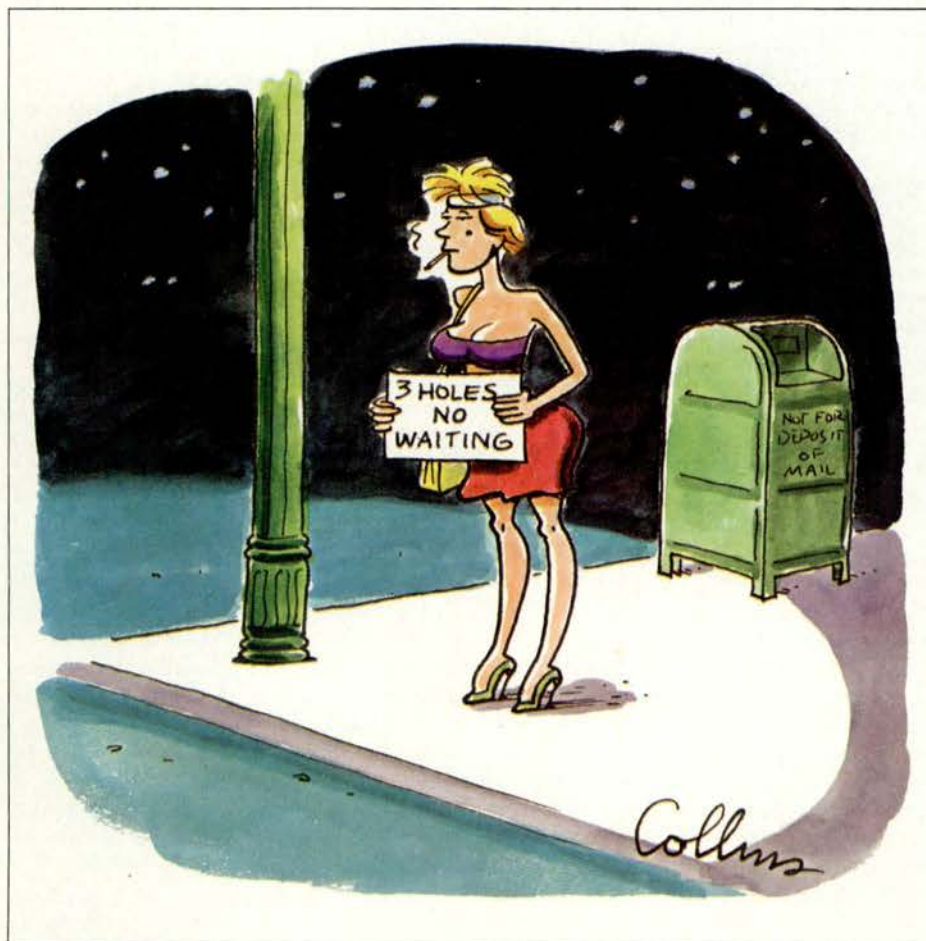
SARAH: When the guy changes the pace of things, it's a turn-off. For instance, you're blowing him and getting down, and he says, "Damn, it's sure hot in here. Honey, would you turn down the thermostat?" And then he expects you to come back and finish! At that point I don't feel like continuing. It ruins the mood, and it's inconsiderate.

PAULINE: I think it's a real turn-off if a guy talks about inane things while you're going down on him. I mean, he might say, "Oh, wow, I have to get up and go to work at 8 tomorrow morning," or "Did you leave your car at the parking lot? Do I have to take you back there to pick it up?" To me, things like that are ridiculous.

HUSTLER: What's the best advice you can give to men about fellatio?

JOAN: I think one of the most important things is to make sure you are clean. If you're not, forget it! A woman won't want to go down on you, but if she *does*, she probably won't make it last too long, or she won't do it again—if she goes out with you a second time.

NANCY: Don't try to disguise your natural odor with after-shave lotion or deodorant. Some guys put it all over



their cock and balls, and when you go down on them, you can taste the chemicals. I think that's a definite turn-off.

SARAH: It's important for a man to have some rhythm. For instance, if he's going to move his pelvis, it should be a steady rhythm so that a woman can adjust what she's doing with her mouth and her throat to his movements. A man shouldn't have to adjust himself to the way the girl is moving though. She should be able to learn how a guy moves and adjust her technique to his motions. But if a guy is choppy and jumps from one side of the bed to the other, the woman will lose her momentum and not do a good job.

PAULINE: The most important thing a man can do is be considerate. After all, the woman is sticking something down her throat. He should be aware of that and not try to force his cock down her throat, because he could make her gag. That usually ruins the mood.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about swallowing sperm?

JOAN: I like to swallow it, but since the guy's penis is all the way back in my throat, I don't taste the cum.

NANCY: I don't like the taste of sperm. Obviously, I don't know Joan's technique. But as a rule, I don't like swallowing it. Each man tastes different, and each one ejaculates a different amount. Some men's semen is sour, and I don't want to be in a situation where I'm trying to swallow something that makes me want to gag.

SARAH: I think it's enjoyable as long as the man doesn't force you to swallow his sperm. Whether you will or won't is something that should be discussed. The woman should be given a chance to say yes or no. If she doesn't want to swallow cum, it's wrong for the man to insist that she does, or to act offended because she won't. I don't think that swallowing sperm is important. Having the guy reach a satisfying orgasm is more important than worrying about where the sperm ends up.

PAULINE: I think swallowing cum is nice. I have a few friends who, after they get the sperm in their mouths, put it back in the guy's mouth and have him swallow it. I agree with Sarah that a man should not make a big fuss over whether or not it's swallowed. To me, it's more enjoyable if it's something that just happens naturally. Lots of women who normally would not want to swallow a load end up doing it if they feel relaxed with the guy.

HUSTLER: Should a man always reciprocate with cunnilingus after a woman has given him head?

JOAN: I think it's important that a man at least start to do that, but if the woman

would rather just fuck, she can say so. But the guy should at least show he's appreciative and willing.

NANCY: If I give him a blowjob and he has an orgasm, I think it should then be my turn to relax and let him do for me. That way, I can be the object of all the attention for a while.

SARAH: I agree with Joan. At least the man should ask. At different times I feel different things. Sometimes I'm just more anxious to fuck than anything else, and that's all I want to do.

PAULINE: I feel the same as Joan.

HUSTLER: In your answers to some of the other questions a variety of techniques have been mentioned. Why don't each of you describe your favorite one?

JOAN: My favorite technique is to deep-throat a guy. And that—in case anybody's interested—is achieved by breathing through your nose when his penis is in your mouth. When you're coming up off the cock and it's popping out of your mouth, breathe in—when your throat is totally relaxed. Also, you have to keep your throat straight and your tongue out of the way. That way, you can literally swallow the guy's cock all the way down your throat without gagging. If women would learn how to do this, they could learn the deep-throat technique easily. Basically, just keep the throat clear. Your gag reflex should be as inactive as possible. And if you do it right, you will find that your throat is almost numb.

NANCY: My favorite technique is to first lick the guy's cock all over and then flick my tongue around its base to stimulate the nerves and make it tingle. Then I cup his balls and put my lips around the shaft and go up and down on it. At the same time that I'm moving his cock in and out, I let my tongue roll around it languorously.

SARAH: One of my favorite techniques is to take the cock in all the way to the hilt so that it's actually down my throat. Once his penis is down into your throat, you leave it there for a few seconds, holding your breath. Then, still not breathing, you just start constricting your throat. It's almost like you've got your hand on the head of his penis—squeezing and releasing, squeezing and releasing. This works especially well with someone who has a long cock—but it doesn't have to be all that long to reach the back of your throat.

PAULINE: I think it's great to let the saliva in your mouth just flow and surround the man's cock, getting his shaft all wet and slippery. Allow it to get nice and wet rather than try to keep everything all cleaned up and swallowed, like many women prefer.

(continued on page 134)

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UPDATE

EL SALVADOR

ONE YEAR LATER

REPORT BY RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

A YEAR AGO HUSTLER PUBLISHED AN IN-DEPTH ACCOUNT OF THE DEVASTATING CIVIL WAR IN EL SALVADOR. ALONG WITH IT WAS INFORMATION ON THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE JOURNALIST WE SENT TO UNCOVER THE BRUTAL ATROCITIES BEING COMMITTED BY BOTH SIDES. THE FACTS REVEALED IN THIS UPDATED REPORT ARE EVEN MORE SAD AND SICKENING.

Illustration by Pat Dunn



The residents of the little village in northern El Salvador had already seen enough horror to last them a lifetime. Government security forces had killed seven defenseless peasants as they labored in the fields. A joint raid by the National Guard, police and army had left another 23 *campesinos* (peasants) dead. One month later they returned and slaughtered 18 young men and women, including pregnant Alelaida Aleman. After she died, they sliced open her belly, removed the seven-month-old male fetus, cut him up with a curved knife known as a *corvo* and threw his remains to the dogs.

If that wasn't enough, the blood-thirsty assassins came back within two weeks and murdered five more peasants. They also gang-raped seven young women before hanging them up by their necks and retreating out of town.

So it came as little surprise that surviving villagers and other fugitives from El Salvador's savage civil war were among the estimated 4,500 to 8,000 unarmed refugees—mostly women and children—who tried to flee Cabanas Province on March 18, 1981. Their destination was neighboring Honduras, just across the Lempa River.

Shortly after dawn their hopes of freedom turned to screams of despair as concealed Salvadoran army troops began peppering them with automatic-weapon fire and mortars. Then came even more horror from the sky—government planes dropping bombs, and low-flying helicopters riveting people on both shores of the river with machine-gun bursts.

When the smoke cleared, the river ran red. Thirty refugees had died and 189 were listed as missing. Twenty more were killed by troops on the Honduran side of the Lempa—shot, beaten to

death, or slashed to ribbons by machetes.

"That was my tax money paying for American bombs to drop from American helicopters on my head," protested an outraged Father Earl Gallagher, a Roman Catholic priest who witnessed the brutal carnage.

The UH-1H helicopters and 500-pound bombs were part of a controversial military-aid program approved by the Carter Presidency and dramatically increased by the Reagan Administration. To shore up the shaky military-civilian junta (a five-man dictatorship that had taken power in El Salvador following a 1979 coup), more than \$80 million in military support and more than \$300 million in economic aid had been pumped into the tiny nation.

The U.S. State Department insisted that "left-wing" guerrillas opposing the repressive junta were being supplied by Cuba and the Soviet Union, posing a significant threat to American security in the region. If El Salvador (which is roughly the size of Massachusetts) became Communist, the explanation went, a chain-reaction Domino Effect might cause nearby Central American nations to fall to communism. The dreaded Domino Effect, of course, had been Washington's rationale for sending troops to Vietnam, where more than 50,000 Americans were killed.

But this time around, people were finding it hard to justify such sizable expenditures—especially in the midst of America's severest economic recession in 40 years. Even more disturbing was the presence of 56 American military advisers in El Salvador, a haunting reminder of the first Green Berets who had been dispatched to Southeast Asia.

A total of 1,500 Salvadoran troops, meanwhile, were being trained for combat at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and

Fort Benning, Georgia. To accommodate the arrivals at Benning, U.S. taxpayers footed a \$140,000 bill for overhauling 17 barracks, including \$25,000 for curtains and \$37,000 for painting.

No wonder the results of a *New York Times*—CBS survey last March indicated three out of every five Americans were afraid the U.S. would "get involved in El Salvador the way it did in Vietnam." And only 16% of those polled approved supplying economic and military aid.

The tragic Lempa River incident wasn't the first time—nor would it be the last—that government forces massacred helpless fellow citizens while the junta looked the other way. Ten months earlier, thousands of *campesinos* were crossing the Sumpul River, fleeing to Honduras from a military operation intended to flush out guerrillas, when they were attacked by two U.S.-made helicopters, Salvadoran army troops and members of the paramilitary death squad ORDEN. More than 600 peasants were slain.

"Women tortured before the coup de grace and nursing babies thrown into the air for target practice were some of the incidents of this criminal slaughter," said the local Roman Catholic bishop. "At least 600 unburied corpses were prey for dogs and buzzards for several days. Others were lost in the waters of the river. A Honduran fisherman found the bodies of five little children in his fish trap."

Typically, El Salvador's ruling junta minimized the incident. Figurehead President Jose Napoleon Duarte belatedly admitted that an "action did take place in the area of Rio Sumpul.... About 300 were killed, all of them 'Communist guerrillas.'"

The U.S. State Department continued to say that the Duarte regime was the least of all evils—the only option between Marxist guerrillas on the left and militaristic fanatics on the right. In truth, however, the junta ruled El Salvador with Hitler-like repression. This fueled a climate of fear.

A state of siege declared by Duarte in 1980 suspended all constitutional guarantees of freedom of expression. Arbitrary arrests by Salvadoran authorities were widespread and clearly used against political enemies. Opposition newspapers no longer publish.

Priests, seminarians, Catholic relief workers and nuns have been arrested, tortured and killed. Churches have been raided and shot up with machine guns. Academic freedom of association has also been denied. Teachers and students have been killed; many schools and the

JOHN SULLIVAN: EL SALVADOR'S AMERICAN VICTIM

Whatever happened to John Sullivan? Literally thousands of readers have asked that question, wondering about the HUSTLER journalist who vanished on December 28, 1980, shortly after checking into the Sheraton Hotel in San Salvador, the capital of El Salvador. It's a question that has deeply troubled Publisher Althea Flynt and the rest of the staff ever since UPI first reported Sullivan's plight eight days after his arrival.

Even more, it's a question that has both obsessed and frustrated the Sullivan family, which has spent an agonizing 18 months scrambling for any scrap of information that would help solve the mystery. Surprisingly, their biggest stumbling block was the American government itself—particularly the State Department, which stonewalled the issue and offered virtually no assistance.

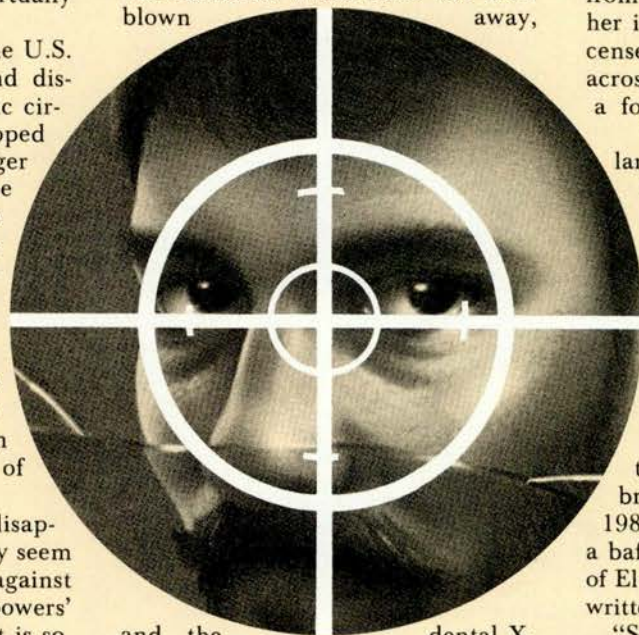
"The only explanation of the U.S. government's irresponsible and disappointing handling of a tragic circumstance is politics," snapped Donna Igoe, Sullivan's younger sister. "There have been those in the State Department who have actually said that more cannot be done because it would embarrass President Duarte of El Salvador. How in the world can he be embarrassed about the United States trying to find one of its citizens? Is he embarrassed when he cashes checks in the form of military and economic aid?"

"To some I am sure the disappearance of one individual may seem insignificant when balanced against world affairs and the super powers' ability to tip the scales. If that is so, then everything that made this country great is tainted. What happened to the notion that America was the champion of the little guy? We are

the little guy here. So why is our government ignoring us?"

The Sullivans mounted a concerted effort to draw attention to the Administration's apparent laxity. Thousands of FIND JOHN SULLIVAN buttons were distributed. Petitions were circulated, and dozens of congressmen contacted. Each week they placed an ad in two San Salvador newspapers showing a photograph of Sullivan and soliciting information concerning his whereabouts. The ad also mentioned an unspecified reward—\$5,000 that had been offered by then HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt. The amount was considered a generous one, especially in light of the average Salvadoran's \$560 annual income.

Occasionally the embassy asked the family to identify photographs of war casualties whose faces had been blown away,



and the dental X-rays of corpses—on the chance that one might be Sullivan. President Duarte offered an absurd explanation of the mystery, alleging that Sul-

livan was in the hills with the guerrillas writing a book.

"With all the aid the U.S. is sending down there, you'd think they could do more to find Johnny," said John Sullivan Sr., supervisor of the photo-engraving department at the *New York Daily News*. "This whole thing really kicked me in the teeth. I go to work to lose myself, but I just end up thinking about our guy. Nights and weekends, they're the worst. I don't feel like I'm existing right now."

Besides being put through an emotional wringer, the Sullivan family has been subjected to such discourteous treatment by their own government that it makes you want to gag. When Lorraine Sullivan wrote a letter appealing to President and Mrs. Reagan, she received a form response from some flunkie thanking her for her interest in the Sullivan case. Incensed, she mailed it back, scrawling across the page: "I expect more than a form letter. I am his mother."

The family's thousands of dollars spent in telephone inquiries include charges for two lengthy conversations with U.S. Embassy officials in San Salvador—who called collect. "You know," irritated Ambassador Deane Hinton told the Sullivans, "people disappear down here every day."

But then, after numerous dead ends, came what appeared to be a major—though grim—breakthrough. On October 20, 1981, the *Washington Post* received a baffling letter from a former agent of El Salvador's security forces. Handwritten in Spanish, it read in part:

"Sullivan was captured by a contingent of the [DEATH SQUAD'S IDENTITY CENSORED BY SULLIVAN FAMILY] and was taken to the barracks and was tortured by a sergeant

in charge of the mission. His statement was taken by an official, and because his Spanish was so deficient, his statement was taped. He explained that he was a journalist and was confused for a Belgian priest. He was tall and wore a ring. A high-level official had his camera, and he was carrying more or less \$500 when he was captured. The journalist died from the beatings and electric shock and then was taken to a place where he was buried with others.

"I will give my name if I am given guarantees to be able to desert my corps and go to another country. I will give all the details of how Mr. Sullivan was killed and where his body is. I do not want compensation; I only need to leave the country. . . . In the newspaper, without printing my name, give me the code to reach your embassy without anyone harming me. . . ."

The *Washington Post* immediately notified the Sullivans, who in turn contacted the embassy. They were told to say nothing to the press about the letter, pending an investigation. Despite the stunning news, the family continued to do some sleuthing of its own. Contacting the Belgian Embassy and the Maryknoll Mission Society, they were able to confirm that a tall, bearded Belgian priest—Father Rogelio Punccee—had indeed been in El Salvador. He had gone into hiding after his life was threatened just three days before the disappearance of Sullivan—who was also tall and bearded.

The family's grief was compounded when John Sullivan Sr. died on November 23, 1981—which would have been his son's 27th birthday.

"John's disappearance is what killed my father," said another daughter, Debbie Indrieri. "His cancer was in remission, but the stress and uncertainty took an awful toll. He dreaded the holidays and Johnny's birthday because he was so sad. He lost his will to live. He was a John Wayne type, a vet who all his life believed in the American way. When Johnny disappeared and the State Department started dragging its heels, it just devastated him."

Standing at their father's graveside, the two Sullivan sisters read the following message aloud: "Our hope now is that you have found the answer to the question you tried desperately to find here on earth. And, Daddy, if you're standing with Johnny right

now, please hug him for us. We miss you both so very much. . . ."

Later, Debbie Indrieri pleaded: "We'd like to bring our brother back and bury him in a proper grave next to Dad. Is it too much to ask of our own government to help us bring Johnny home?"

On December 16, 1981, the U.S. State Department received a second letter from the former Salvadoran security agent. The Sullivan family was told that the letter contained no new information. They received a copy more than a month later, only after applying pressure through their local congresswoman. James Ward, director of the Citizens Emergency Center, explained the delay. "It slipped through the cracks," he said lamely.

When the Sullivans read the letter, they were shocked to discover that the State Department had lied about its contents. In part, it read:

"In one of the death cells of the [PRISON NAME CENSORED BY SULLIVAN FAMILY] there are some words in English engraved by the newspaperman Sullivan, who was tortured in spite of the pleas he made in the few words of Spanish he knew. The colonel ordered his death, and Sullivan was taken and thrown into the railroad yard of Quezaltexuqua already dead. I have evidence, but my family runs the risk of being killed, and I myself am under surveillance. We must conceal our letters and take them to the post office. We continually live under tremendous tension.

"The family of the newspaperman, accompanied by FBI personnel, should visit the death cells of the police and perhaps, I

will be asked to show them where the newspaperman died. He was tall, husky, had a beard, blue eyes, and a small scar

on his hairy legs. One guard still keeps some objects of value belonging to Mr. Sullivan. I have evidence of this, and I am telling the truth."

"It's a painful thing to have to say, but we have no reason to doubt the authenticity of these letters," said Donna Igoe. "Everything checks out. Both contain information about physical details the writer would have no way of knowing if he hadn't actually seen Johnny."

More shocking than the mishandling of this significant information were disclosures that the State Department had made no real effort to locate the letter-writer and assure him the protection he requested. No attempt was made to bring him to the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador. Ambassador Deane Hinton simply dismissed the leads as unsubstantial.

"Why would our government, which is responsible for the fate of Americans traveling in other countries, drag its feet in the Sullivan matter?" asked the *Bergen Record*, a New Jersey newspaper. "The Reagan Administration's case for sending military aid to the . . . El Salvador is not helped when the Salvadoran army murders an American citizen."

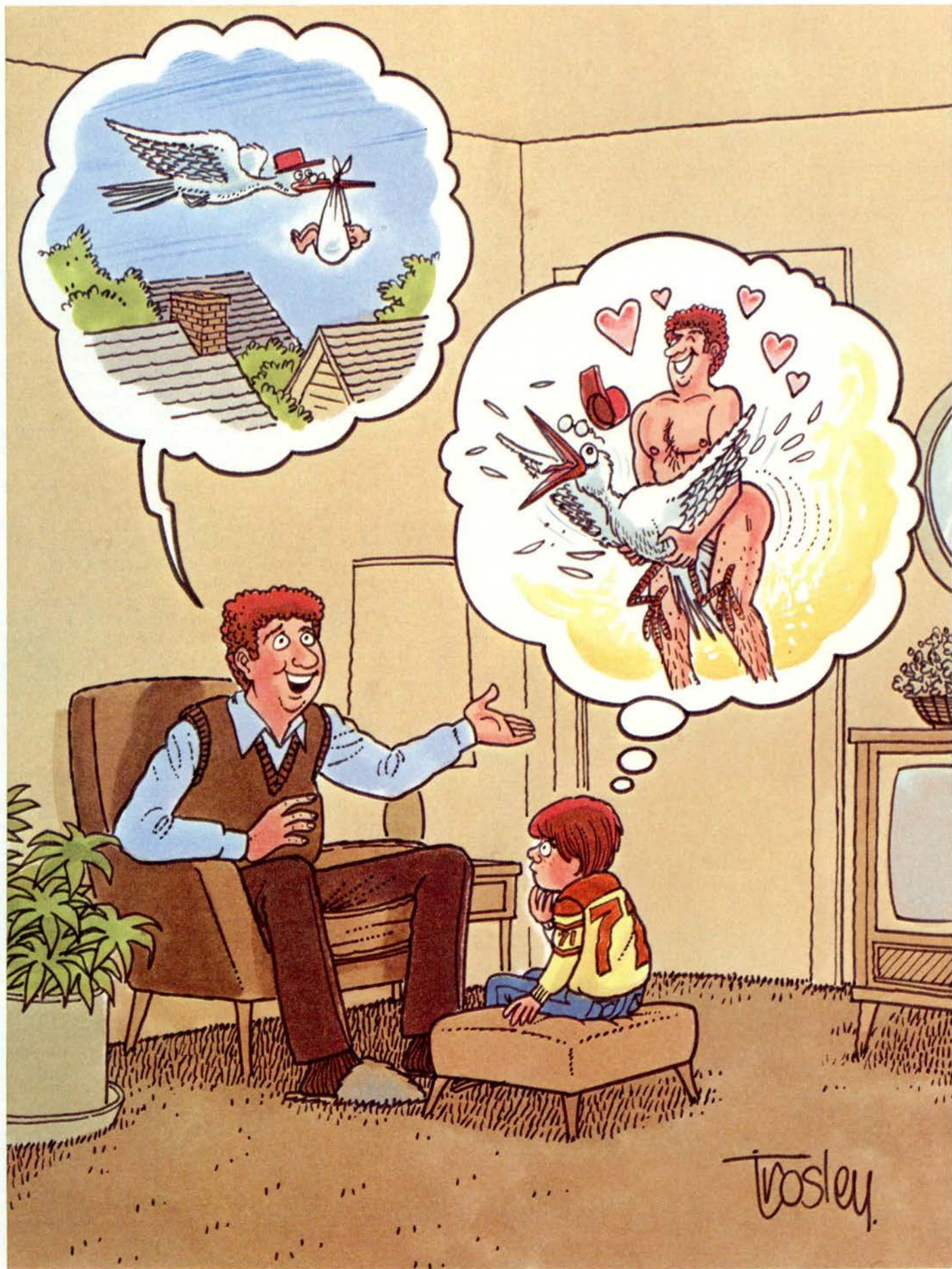
On March 5, 1982, HUSTLER sent the following letter to Diego C. Asencio, the State Department's assistant secretary for consular affairs:

"More than 14 months have elapsed since John Sullivan, a journalist on assignment from HUSTLER Magazine to cover the civil war in El Salvador, disappeared from San Salvador's Sheraton Hotel. You are undoubtedly aware of two anonymous letters received by the *Washington Post* and members of Mr. Sullivan's family which indicated that Mr. Sullivan may have been tortured and killed by a junta-supported right-wing police squad.

"Yet, according to the Sullivan family, there is no indication that any American governmental agency has taken appropriate steps to determine the authenticity of those letters. Nor is there any evidence that the embassy in San Salvador has done anything of significance to determine the whereabouts of Mr. Sullivan. In fact, according to Mr. Sullivan's mother and sisters, the letters were suppressed for several months by the State Department before the desperate Sullivan family decided to release them.

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National University of San Salvador are closed down. Union leaders and organizers have been special targets of the government's security forces.

Decree 507—the state-of-siege declaration—permits the military to hold a person for 180 days of preventive detention or 120 days of corrective detention on suspicion or whim. Even children, no matter how young, are subject to military justice. Civilian judges may not review in any meaningful way the proceedings of military courts. Being a member of the military, therefore, is truly a license to commit any crime.

Decree 507 also includes clauses that are a virtual invitation to the use of torture. They permit convictions based on uncorroborated confessions made only in the presence of police, army or other security personnel.

Make no mistake, Duarte's police state took full advantage of these arbitrary powers. The numbers make it painfully clear. More than 33,000 Salvadorans have died in the past two years; the current mortality rate is 1,100 per month. Tens of thousands have mysteriously disappeared and are unaccounted for. An estimated 1 million refugees have fled the country—500,000 of them settling in the United States.

Perhaps the most pathetic victims of the civil war are a half-million emaci-

ated, disease-ridden children who have been orphaned or abandoned. Each day they struggle to stay alive, begging, scrounging for edible garbage and roaming the countryside in search of a place to sleep.

And then, of course, there is the tragic legacy of any armed conflict—the grieving families for whom life will never be quite the same.

In its April 1981 issue, *HUSTLER* was one of the first national magazines to warn of the impending El Salvador crisis. Beyond the impact of the bloody civil war, our particular interest was the destiny of John Sullivan—a *HUSTLER* writer who disappeared in the capital city of San Salvador shortly after arriving on assignment.

We followed up that initial story in July 1981 with a 7,000-word investigative report on the escalating fighting and Sullivan's disappearance. (For the latest on Sullivan, see the sidebar on page 37.) Also included was evidence of some of the horrible atrocities committed by security personnel and sanctioned by El Salvador's leaders.

Our first report turned out to be only the tip of the iceberg. Since then more detailed accounts have emerged, documenting some of the most horrible human-rights violations imaginable—

barbaric acts that the White House stubbornly refuses to acknowledge.

On January 28, 1982, President Reagan insisted "that the government of El Salvador is making a concerted and significant effort to comply with internationally recognized human rights... [and] is achieving substantial control over all elements of its armed forces so as to bring to an end the indiscriminate torture and murder of the Salvadoran citizenry."

On the same day, Reagan authorized an additional \$66 million in military aid to the junta. He completely ignored a 275-page report on massive human-rights violations submitted 72 hours earlier by the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), which was speaking out on foreign policy for the first time since the Vietnam War. A plea from ACLU spokesman Morton Halperin to terminate all military assistance and equipment sales to El Salvador was likewise disregarded.

In March 1982 a bulletin issued by Amnesty International—a human-rights organization respected worldwide—received similar treatment from the Reagan Administration.

"The security forces in El Salvador have been carrying out a systematic and widespread program of torture, 'disappearances' and individual and mass killings of men, women and children," Amnesty International charged. "The victims have included not only people suspected of opposition to the authorities, but thousands who were simply in areas targeted for security operations, whose death or mutilation seems to have been completely arbitrary."

"Testimonies received daily by Amnesty International implicate all branches of the Salvadoran security services in such violations of human rights—both military and police units as well as paramilitary squads acting with their explicit or implicit warrant—and the violations have occurred on such a scale that there can be no question that they constitute a gross and consistent pattern of human-rights abuses."

The January ACLU report (now available in a Vintage paperback) indicated the most frequent types of tortures: administering severe beatings; choking; applying electric shocks or cigarettes to the lips, mouth and genitals; pulling out fingernails; hooding; drugging; submersion in water; and conducting simulated executions. Thousands of torture victims who died were said to have been decapitated, emasculated or found with the initials EM—signifying *Esquadrón de la Muerte*, Spanish for Death Squad—carved in their flesh.

(continued on page 48)





VIOLET

PURPLE PASSION

Photography by Clive McLean





Twenty-two-year-old Violet is not afraid to take an active role in asserting her intense sexuality. "I like being the leader," she says, "and surprisingly, most men get off on it." With a perfect body like Violet's, it's easy to see why. A real-estate saleswoman by day, Violet sings at a popular piano bar at night, leaving little time for the dating game. "That's why I prefer to cut through the red tape and enjoy men in *my* bed, on *my* terms," she says with confidence. Violet is obviously one demanding woman. "If I get what I want, I always return the favor," Violet promises as she wets her lips before answering a knock at the door.



[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)







(continued from page 40)

"The systematic, massive character of the practice leads to the inescapable conclusion that the authorities approve of it," the report stated. "The vast majority of torture victims are not generally captured in battle. Most of the deaths have occurred after the victims had been seized from their homes or work places and were defenseless."

Here is just a sampling of the documented atrocities the Reagan Administration chose to overlook:

- Under the cover of darkness, right-wing death squads routinely throw tortured "subversives" off the 100-foot-high La Perla Cliff into the Pacific Ocean. Peasants living in nearby El Corasal, 24 miles southwest of the capital city, have grown accustomed to hearing victims' agonized screams during the night. Recently they discovered six corpses bobbing in the surf, while hungry turkey vultures circled overhead. Last year the Salvadoran Human Rights Commission reported finding 100 decapitated bodies in the area, along with the bleaching bones of dozens more.

- In Cinquera a woman found the bodies of two tortured friends on the banks of the Quezalapa River. They had last been seen in the custody of ORDEN,

a paramilitary death squad. "Aida's body did not have a single bullet wound, but her nose and her teeth were broken, and her upper lip was missing," the woman said. "The blindfold that had been placed on her head when she was taken had a stick through it; they had turned the stick in order to tighten the blindfold. She had a hole in her head; it was so large that a hand could fit in easily. . . . One leg was broken, and they had removed her fingernails. Her fingers were shriveled. Her entire body had been soaked in some kind of acid. She also showed signs of being raped."

- Mira Guevara, a resident of Platanillo Canton in Quezaltepeque Province, was in her ninth month of pregnancy when national guardsmen abducted her. Their acts of torture forced the onset of labor. Even more suffering was caused when the head of the newborn infant appeared; the guardsmen fired several bullets, destroying the woman's face. They finished by breaking her hands and arms. Her body was then left with four others who the guardsmen had assassinated.

- An employee of the newspaper *El Independiente* told about being arrested by the National Guard: "They took me to a room and began to ask what my job was. I told them I was a photographic technician. . . . They began to hit me,

saying I was from the ERP and FPL, clandestine organizations. . . . Then they said they'd use a machine on me which would make me talk. They put electrodes in my penis and my ear, and gave me electric shocks. . . . They kicked me in the ribs and back. . . . They carried on beating me, but I wouldn't change what I'd said. So they asked if I'd like to try the 'electric chair,' the 'hood' and a few other things they said they'd use on me if I didn't collaborate. . . . They went on asking me questions all the time until an electric shock in the ear made me faint. . . . Later they hit me, threw me on the ground and put my head in a bucket of water, holding me there until I couldn't stand it anymore."

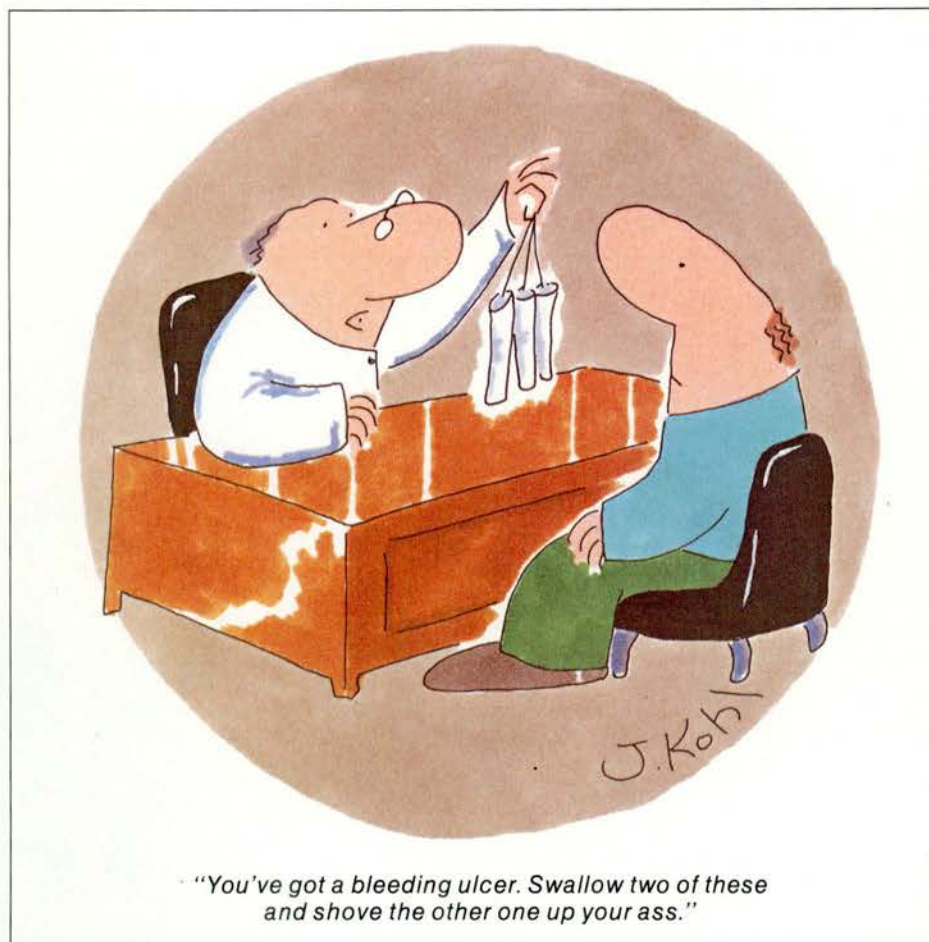
- Detained by the national police for four days, a suspect had his left leg broken, a tooth wrenched out and his forehead fractured by rifle-butt blows. Placing a revolver in his mouth, a guard threatened him with death. The man was hospitalized for 2½ months before being imprisoned.

- Government troops arrested 22 unarmed teenagers from Mejicanos. All were later found dead with marks of torture. An army spokesman claimed they died in a battle, but a doctor who examined 17 of the bodies found that they had been shot after they were dead. Five of the young women were unidentifiable because their faces had been obliterated.

- While performing an operation at a Cojutepeque hospital, two doctors were abducted by armed men in civilian dress. The discovery and subsequent examination of the physicians showed clear signs of torture. One had a depressed skull and had died from strangulation. The other was alive but unconscious. He later expired from a wound cutting the spinal cord.

- Rafael Carias, a university professor with no allegiances to the rebels or any other political group, described what happened after six men in civilian dress and five in uniform knocked on his door at 11 p.m. on the night of February 21, 1981: "When I opened the door, the first thing they did was to hit me, throw me facedown and tie my hands behind my back." At 7 a.m. he was hustled into El Zapote police headquarters. "I was taken away to a room used for torture. When they removed the blindfold, there were four executioners facing me who insisted I was a high-ranking member of the [opposition] organization. They beat me over my entire body. When they had finished, they lay me facedown on a wooden bench, handcuffed my wrists together underneath it and then bound up my entire body. They attached a wire to the toe of each foot.

(continued on page 52)



THIS AD WAS **CENSORED** BY
"NATIONAL LAMPOON" BECAUSE

TURN
PAGE

MEMORY JOGGER: TEAR OUT THIS PAGE AND POST

★PUBLIC NOTICE★

HUSTLER MAGAZINE

IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT
FOR OUR 8TH ANNIVERSARY,
THE JULY ISSUE (COMING OUT
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SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF CENTERFOLD

On Sale May 25th

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...WE'RE TASTELESS!?!!!

Are you kidding? Here's a batch of tasteless items that appeared in the pages of National Lampoon itself! All of these appeared under the same leadership that refused to run our ad. Could anything in HUSTLER scare off advertisers better than a photo of a baby chick getting a rectal thermometer up the ass? Could anything we've done stain the moral character of a magazine that shows a man holding a jagged, broken bottle while forcing a woman to give him a blowjob? And both of them are midgets to boot?! Could the men who run a magazine that's featured kiddie sex, bestiality and mutilation in its cartoons or photos censor a harmless, no-picture ad from the gentle, sensitive gang here at HUSTLER? Yep—and that's just what the assholes did.

© NATIONAL LAMPOON

Split Beaver Section



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"Black and Blue" The Rolling Stones



ON ROLLING STONES RECORDS & TAPES

PRODUCED BY THE GUMMER TWINS

© NATIONAL LAMPOON

WE LET THEM RIP US OFF



© HUSTLER MARCH 1982

HILL STREET JEWS

Join the toughest Hebe cops on the force as they track down a deli clerk who tried to kill a sale. **8PM**

Hey, this sure is a coincidence! In our March 1982 issue (above) we ran this "Hill Street Jews" parody. Lampoon's (left) ran in May 1982. Funny how much we think alike—it just takes them a little longer, huh?



© NATIONAL LAMPOON MAY 1982



© HUSTLER JULY 1979

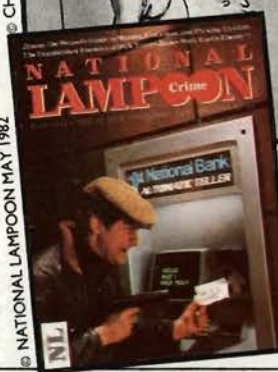


© NATIONAL LAMPOON FEB. 1982

HUSTLER popularized the reader-submitted nude-photo contest years ago with Beaver Hunt. Guess who announced a nude-photo contest this year?



© CHIC JUNE 1981



© NATIONAL LAMPOON MAY 1982

It was appropriate Lampoon's May 1982 cover had a "crime" theme. The cartoon behind it is from CHIC, June 1981. What's the verdict?



© HUSTLER DEC. 1976



© NATIONAL LAMPOON DEC. 1977

A baby Santa in the manger instead of baby Jesus? What a great idea! Lampoon thought so too, in a full-page Christmas greeting (near left)—a year later.

...BUT IF YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO RIP OFF, THEY'LL RUN YOUR AD

HOW TO GET LAID



WHAT TURNS A GIRL ON?
The answers are in a unique new book called **HOW TO MAKE IT WITH WOMEN**. It's different from anything you've ever seen before. You don't have to come on heavy or try to be someone you're not. It tells you how to meet her, how to get her turned on to you, how to get her into bed. It shows you how to really satisfy her—and how to keep her. This remarkable book is packed with simple, effective techniques that really work. And they're guaranteed to work for you or your money back.

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ONCE



Here's the topper... All of these ads have run in National Lampoon. Wanna see how tasteless Screw can get? If there's one thing worse than censorship, it's prejudice. We rest our case.



EL SALVADOR

(continued from page 48)

"When the electricity was turned on, an executioner put a towel over my face so that I could not breathe; if I said something, they would disconnect it. When that got them nowhere, the questions were accompanied by a blow to the stomach. This went on for more than two hours.

"They untied me and took me to a sink with my feet and hands tied. They forcibly put me under water so that I would lose oxygen. For a few moments I thought I was going to die, but I held fast to my convictions. This lasted another two hours. They removed me from the sink, put me facedown, spread my legs apart and inserted a stick in my rectum. They laughed sarcastically during all of this. I was returned to the room used for torture and handcuffed to the same bench. They inserted a toothbrush in my rectum and turned it around. Since they didn't get what they wanted from me, they left me alone for some five minutes. This gave me time to meditate and to hold to my promise to suffer stoically.

"When they returned, they had a bottle of acid, and they told me that they would pour it on me, which they demonstrated with a piece of cloth. When they

found that I could not be made to talk, they poured acid on my back for the first time. The pain was incredible. They continued to question me, and when I did not reply, they used a ballpoint pen to mark my body and continued to pour acid on me . . . [and threatened to] pour acid in my eyes.

"At 6 p.m. they took me from the cell to the National Guard. There the treatment I received was even more bestial. Upon learning that I was a professor, they tied me up like an object and kicked me in the chest, head and back. . . . [They applied] electric shocks to my feet intermittently and for as long as five minutes, and then to the head, with the same frequency. Then came electric shocks on a metal bed, where I was tied and handcuffed [after] they removed all my clothing and wet my entire body. All of these tortures were accompanied by questions from a female commander."

The following afternoon, Professor Carias' ordeal ended when he was rescued by unexpected visitors from the International Red Cross.

• On January 17-18, 1981, Congresswoman Barbara Mikulski (D-Maryland) talked with Salvadoran refugees along the Honduras-El Salvador border. Among them was a 45-year-old woman named Maria.

"She says that so many of her family were killed that she doesn't even remember their names," an interpreter reported. "Two sisters and four cousins, all women, were killed and found naked. One of those women was pregnant. A second left two orphans, and another left three. About seven months ago they killed another one of her family. [A surviving infant] child is now close to death in a hospital. . . . The army threw the baby in the river.

"She personally saw children around the age of eight being raped, and then they would take their bayonets and make mincemeat of them. With their guns they would shoot at their faces. The army would cut people up and put soap and coffee in their stomachs as a mocking. They would slit open the stomach of a pregnant woman and take the child out, as if they were taking eggs out of an iguana. . . ."

• A 34-year-old woman refugee was also interviewed by Congresswoman Mikulski. "In her town the army took three boys from a bus, brought them to a little canyon and killed them," she told the interpreter. "Then they covered them with dirt and stones and sticks. . . . [Another time] she saw them kill six women. They burned the bodies of the first two with firewood."

The refugee described how two of her women friends were killed. "First, they [the army] hung them, then they machine-gunned them, and then they threw them down to the ground. When we arrived, the dogs and the birds were eating them. The women didn't have any clothes on. They had decapitated one of the women and put a gun up her anus. We found the head somewhere else."

• In March 1980, 12 people were killed in the village of Aguilares. A young peasant remembered how they died: "The torturers scraped the skin off their faces and gave long shallow cuts with machetes along their arms. They cut their fingers lengthwise. If you see the backs of their corpses, they are purple with bootprints. . . . This had been done by the National Guard."

Following are excerpts of what refugees reported to Amnesty International in 1981, the year El Salvador's junta was supposedly cracking down on human-rights violations:

• "The National Guard killed my father. They cut his throat. Then they raped me, all of them—they raped my 15-year-old daughter too—and they slashed at my throat and threw me on top of him to die. They said they were doing this because I liked Monsignor

(continued on page 131)





"Helen! You're chewing my tampon! . . . You do love me!"



BOUNTY HUNTERS

Article by Bruce Henderson

There was a calculated look of menace about defendant Jose Gonzalez (not his real name) as he stood before a Los Angeles Superior Court judge. He wore black zoot-suit pants, a black shirt and shiny black patent-leather shoes. A

small tattoo shaped like a teardrop dangled beneath his left eye.

The 21-year-old Mexican gang member had been in and out of custody ever since he was first arrested at age 11. He currently was free

Money, Adventure & Danger



on bail, awaiting sentencing in a separate assault case in nearby Pasadena. But on this occasion, having been convicted of burglary, Gonzalez' smug grin told you that he knew he would beat the rap.

"I'd like nothing better than to send this man away to state prison for the maximum sentence," the judge snapped after learning that Gonzalez had plea-bargained with the district attorney. "But since you made a deal with him, I'll reluctantly go along with it and give him five years' probation."

Gonzalez turned around and strutted toward several members of the South End Home Boys gang applauding in the rear of the courtroom. Their celebration turned out to be unusually brief. As Gonzalez shook hands with his friends, the judge nodded to a bailiff, who then signaled a casually dressed, middle-aged man sitting in the back row. Ron Campbell moved quickly through the heavy wooden doors. He muscled past the well-wishers, showed Gonzalez a "Special Investigator" badge and produced a pair of handcuffs.

"You're under arrest," he said, snapping the cuffs on Gonzalez. "Your bail in Pasadena has been revoked."

While Gonzalez' friends jeered, Campbell hustled his startled prisoner out of the building and into the front seat of his Buick sedan parked in a red

zone in front of the courthouse.

"Just who are you, man?" Gonzalez asked, sensing he had not been arrested by a police officer.

"I'm with the insurance company that wrote your bond," said Campbell, getting behind the wheel.

"You mean I've been arrested by a fuckin' insurance company?"

Campbell booked Gonzalez into L.A. County Jail under the terms of the citizen's arrest statute. The bounty hunter's first "hook" of the day was approximately the 6,000th of his 16-year career. He would be receiving \$400 for his efforts, 20% of Gonzalez' bail bond.

Within minutes, Campbell was hurrying back to his car. There were several more fugitive pickups to be made this day, and the odds were they would not all be as routine as this one.

"I'm not too much for violence," says Campbell, who still makes certain he carries a Colt .357. Several years ago a stakeout for an armed robber wanted in seven states turned into a shootout in which Campbell had to fire in self-defense. He fatally wounded his prey.

In the Old West, bounty hunters brought back their game dead or alive—usually strapped to the flanks of a horse or a mule. Today's hunter is more likely to deliver the bounty—bail-jumping

murderers, rapists, kidnappers and other assorted thugs who have eluded the police—handcuffed in the front seat of a Lincoln Continental.

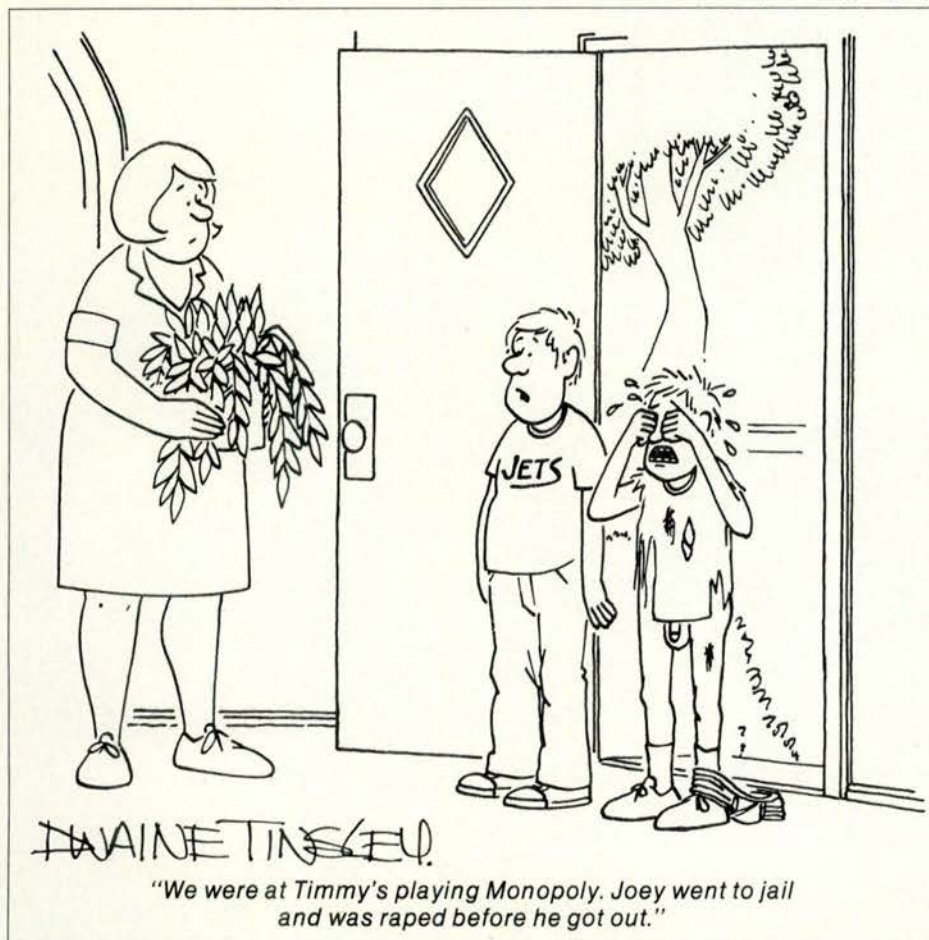
Unlike the police or the FBI, bounty hunters require no warrants or subpoenas to break down doors and enter homes, nor do they need arrest warrants to slap the cuffs on suspects and take them into custody. They never have to read people their Constitutional rights. And they may cross state lines to apprehend a fugitive without bothering about extradition proceedings. Their unique powers to follow, find, apprehend and return "runners" are spelled out in an 1873 Supreme Court decision (*Taylor v. Taintor*) and by local statutes in most states that have bail systems.

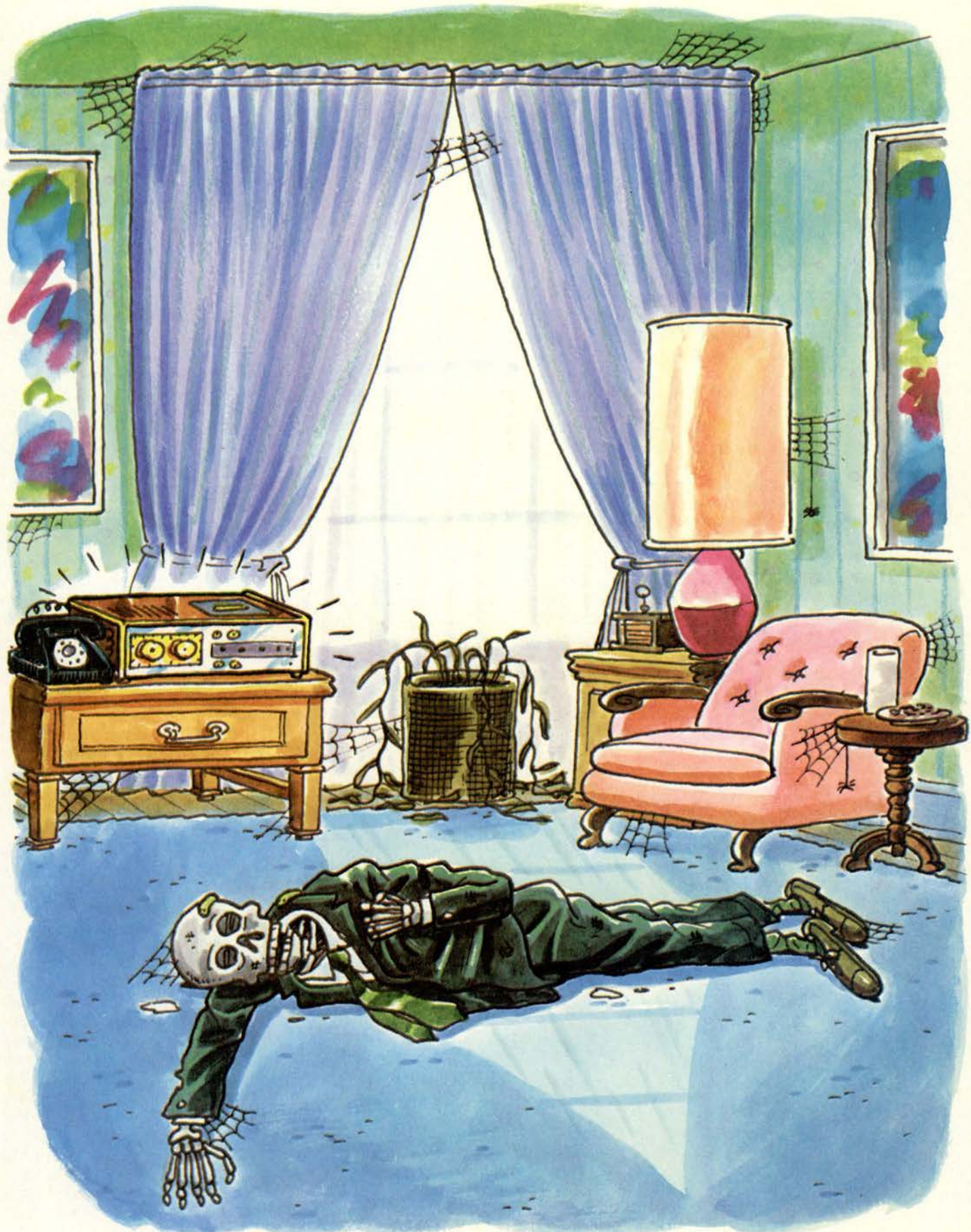
The system under which bounty hunters function has its roots in medieval Anglo-Saxon law. Rather than overcrowding jails with people waiting to be tried for alleged crimes, an early English king devised a scheme whereby defendants could be released if they put up money or property to assure their future appearance in court. When increasing numbers of these defendants missed their court dates, bounty hunters were sent to flush them out. In return, they received a portion of the bail as payment from the grateful court.

Modern-day bail procedures are almost identical. In the case of Gonzalez, a judge had set a \$2,000 bail on the assault charge and a friend of the gang member had paid the required 10% fee (\$200) to the bail bondsman. This non-refundable amount was considered profit (after overhead) by the bondsman, who gave a portion of it (about \$75) to an insurance company to "underwrite" the bond. Gonzalez' friend—the "guarantor"—also signed a second trust deed on his home for the full amount of bail. Such money never has to be paid if the defendant shows up for all his required court appearances.

If the accused skipped out on bail, however, then the guarantor's house could be sold for the amount of bail. But long before the sale actually took place, the bail bondsman would have to pay the court the \$2,000 in cold cash. Rather than run that risk, he was willing to pay Campbell's \$400 fee.

"That's why we hire bounty hunters," explains Celes King III, president of the 1,100-member Independent Bail Agents of California. "If I had to start paying off every bail in cash I'd be out of business in a day. Sure, in most cases we have someone who has signed an agreement for us saying he will make good on the money. But having someone who says he will pay and having the actual money are two different things. Also, if





"Hi. I'm sorry I missed your call. If you leave your name and number after the sound of the tone, I'll get back to you as soon as possible. Beep!"

word got out that we didn't look for people who jumped bail, we'd lose an important psychological advantage. The going rate for bounty hunters is 15%-20% of the bail when they bring their man back; expenses are negotiable. Believe me, that's worth it when we're on the hook for the entire amount."

C. A. "Bob" Barber was a bartender before he became a bounty hunter in 1945. He stands six feet tall and weighs exactly what he did 35 years ago: 190 firm-and-lean pounds. His black, leathery skin contrasts with the pure-white hair that sticks straight back on his head, giving the impression that he is standing in a powerful wind tunnel. Barber is unusual not only because he's been in the fugitive-hunting business for so long, but also because he's still working full-time despite his age of 71.

"I'm as good a man as I ever was," he boasts, sitting in his office across the street from a Los Angeles Police Department divisional headquarters. "For three minutes, that is. If a fight goes four minutes, I'm in trouble."

Barber taps the side of his head with a long index finger. I'm a great believer in psychology," he says. "What I try to do is talk these people into coming back. Sometimes I'm away from home for weeks, picking 'em up and dropping 'em off, putting 'em on airplanes and then

calling ahead to have someone meet it when it lands."

A case in the state of Washington serves as a splendid example of Barber's unique style of catching bail skippers. A well-known black pimp from Los Angeles had jumped a \$50,000 bond on white-slavery charges and had moved to Seattle, where he once again set up his lucrative business.

"I checked into the finest hotel and waited for word to get out," Barber recalls. "Spike and I knew each other from way back, and I knew he would hear about me being in town. On the second day, he called me at the hotel, we met for dinner, and he asked what I was doing in Seattle. I told him I was looking for a young bank robber and gave him a phony description. Spike laughed and said he was afraid I had come for him. I laughed back and said he didn't have to worry about that.

"Then we talked about old times. He had a full stable in operation again and wanted to set me up with a woman for the night, but I was too tired. I suggested we meet for breakfast.

"The next morning I told him it was ridiculous for someone as successful as him to be running from this little thing [the \$50,000 bail bond] down in L.A. He admitted that the old charge had been worrying him, and he wanted to get it off the books. But he was afraid of going

to jail. I gave him the name of a good attorney and said I would do anything I could to help.

"It took me the rest of the day to talk him into going back. Finally I put him on a plane to L.A. Of course I had to stay behind, because he thought I still had to find that 'bank robber.' I called ahead and had someone meet the plane. He was arrested on the spot and sent back to state prison for five years. But he never knew I had come up there to bring him back."

Obviously, not every fugitive is easily talked into facing the music. Some situations also call for more-direct action. In the mid-1960s Barber found himself in a rural Texas town looking for a young white girl who had jumped bail on California burglary charges.

"I finally found out where she lived and waited in front of the house," he remembers. "When I saw her walking down the street, I called her name. She came over to the car, and I pretended we had a mutual friend. I opened the passenger's door to talk to her, and when she wasn't expecting it, I pulled her inside and sped away. She was screaming. I said I was taking her back to California, and if she didn't keep quiet, I'd have to stop and put handcuffs on her. She calmed down when she found out I wasn't a rapist.

"All of a sudden, I looked into the rearview mirror and saw a carload of young white soldiers chasing me. They obviously saw me snatch the girl and thought I was some old crazy nigger out to kill me a little white girl. My only hope was to get to a big town, and fast. Only problem was, San Antonio was the nearest town, and it was four hours away.

"I floored it and got my rented car up to 95 miles per hour. The soldiers had a faster car, but with all their passengers we were about even. I would pull away in the hills, and they would start to catch up on the flat highway. I knew if they caught me that no amount of explaining would save my ass."

The chase continued until Barber finally reached the outskirts of San Antonio. He pulled into the first service station off the highway and yelled for the attendant to call the police. By the time the soldiers arrived, the police were already pulling in. When Barber showed his papers to the sergeant in charge, he advised the soldiers that they had wasted their time; everything was legal.

"When the cop told me the first plane to L.A. wasn't until the next morning," Barber continues, "I looked at the little blonde in my car and whistled.

"I got me a problem, Sarge."

(continued on page 128)



"Daddy, is it true? Are the streets of heaven really lined with shit?"

STAY
FUCK

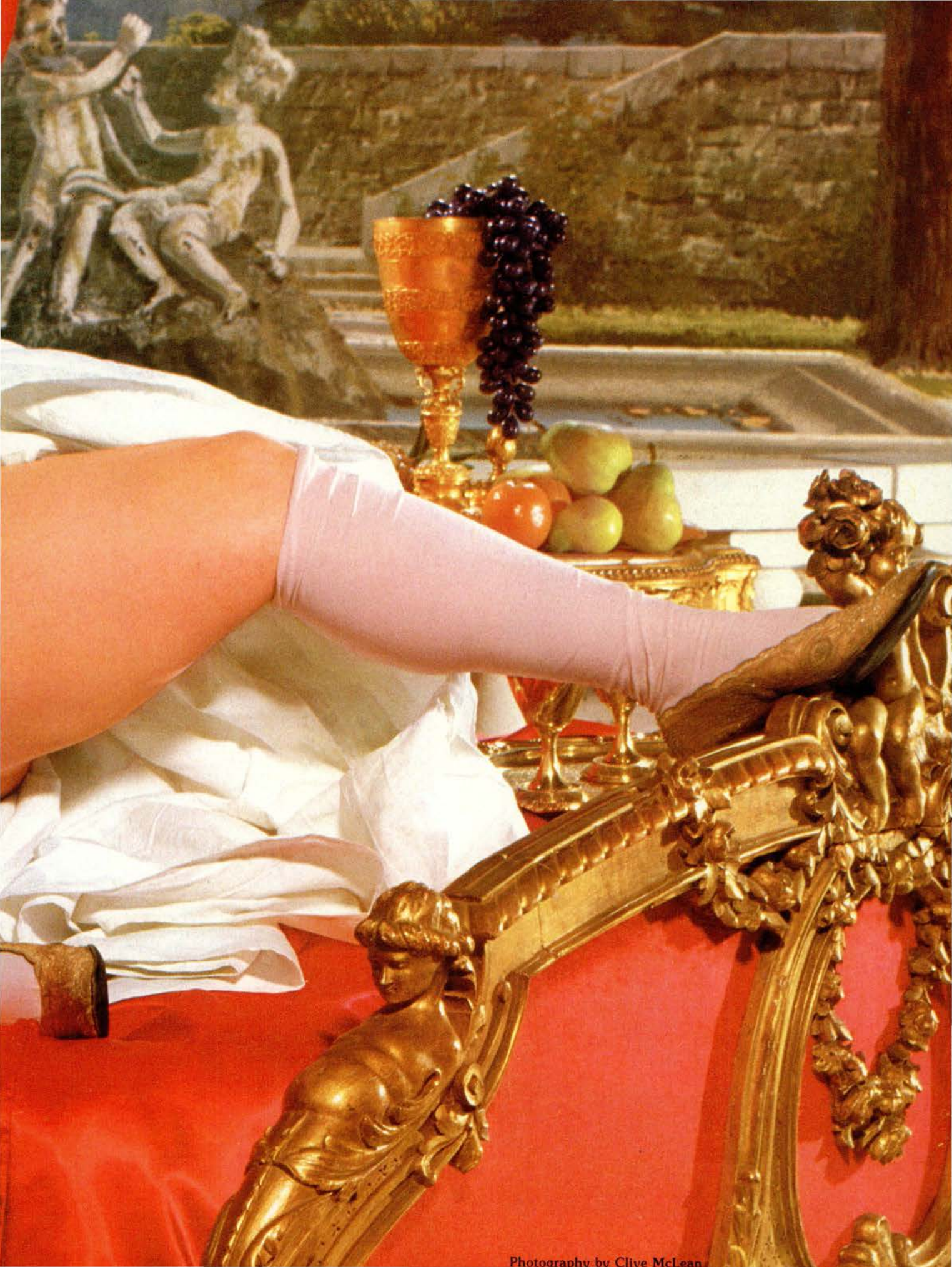
INGLÉS
101

WOULD YOU LIKE
TO FUCK
MY SISTER?

"All right, class, repeat after me!"



Lulu



















Why not take
all of me?
Lulu

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The White House doctor was shocked and nervous after completing Nancy Reagan's annual physical. He detected a nasty case of the crabs but didn't know how to tell her. Eventually she asked, "How am I, Doctor?"

"Well," the physician replied, "all your tests were negative except one."

"What in the world is wrong, Doctor?!" the First Lady asked apprehensively.

"I'm afraid you have Watergate Syndrome."

"What's that?" Nancy demanded.

"Ma'am, your box is bugged."

The wife made a glorious French dinner for her suspicious husband. Later, as they sipped their brandies, the wife said, "Honey, I've got a confession to make."

"I'm not surprised, darling. Go ahead."

"Well," she said, "I've always had this urge to have sex with another woman."

"This is 1982, dear. Fantasies like that are perfectly normal."

"This became more than a fantasy," the wife admitted. "I *did* have sex with another woman."

"Well, I... that's all right," the husband stammered. "What matters is, did you enjoy it?"

"I thought it was great!" the wife beamed, "but your mother still isn't sure."

While leaving the assembly plant one evening, an attractive female worker was raped. Later she explained to a detective that she felt her assailant was a company employee.

"Are you sure?" the cop asked.

"As a matter of fact, I think he was one of the plant foremen."

"What makes you think that?" the detective inquired.

"Well," the victim replied angrily, "for one thing, he made *me* do all the work."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *underwear* as: a fart filter.

The young girl was having a heart-to-heart talk with her mother on her first visit home since starting college. "Mom, I have to tell you," the girl confessed. "I lost my virginity last weekend."

"I'm not surprised," said her mother. "It was bound to happen sooner or later. I just hope it was a romantic and pleasurable experience."

"Well, yes and no," the pretty student remarked. "The first eight guys felt great, but after them my pussy got real sore."

"Adam," the heavenly voice called to the Garden of Eden, "what did you and Eve do today?"

"We ate some fruit, Lord," Adam said reverently.

"Did you eat of the forbidden tree?" asked God.

"Yes, Lord, we did," Adam confessed.

"And then what did you do?" God asked.

"We made mad, passionate love all afternoon."

"Where is Eve now?" the Lord bellowed.

"She's down at the brook washing herself out."

"Oh, no," the Lord moaned. "Now all the fish are going to smell like that!"

Question: How does a Mexican know when it's time to eat again?

Answer: His asshole stops burning.

Two guys wandered into a bar. One of the men shouted to the barkeeper, "Hiya, Mike. Set 'em up for me and my pal here." Then he turned to his slightly dim partner and boasted, "This is a great bar. For every two drinks you buy, the house gives you one. And the pinball machines in the back are free!"

"That's not so great," responded the friend. "There's a bar across town that'll match you drink for drink, and you can get laid in the back for free."

"Where is this place?" the first guy exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't know," the dim fellow replied, "but my wife goes there all the time."

An Israeli was sitting between two Arabs on a long airplane flight. He had just removed his shoes and gotten comfortable when one of the Arabs nudged him and said, "Hey, Jew, go get us

some orange juice." To avoid any trouble, the Israeli did so. When he left, both Arabs spit in his shoes.

The Israeli came back with the juice, which the Arabs gulped down. The rest of the flight was uneventful. The plane landed, and the Israeli put on his shoes and felt the squishing inside. He turned to the Arabs and said, "If there is ever going to be peace in the Middle East, the Arabs will have to stop spitting in the shoes of the Jews, and the Jews will have to stop pissing in the Arabs' orange juice."

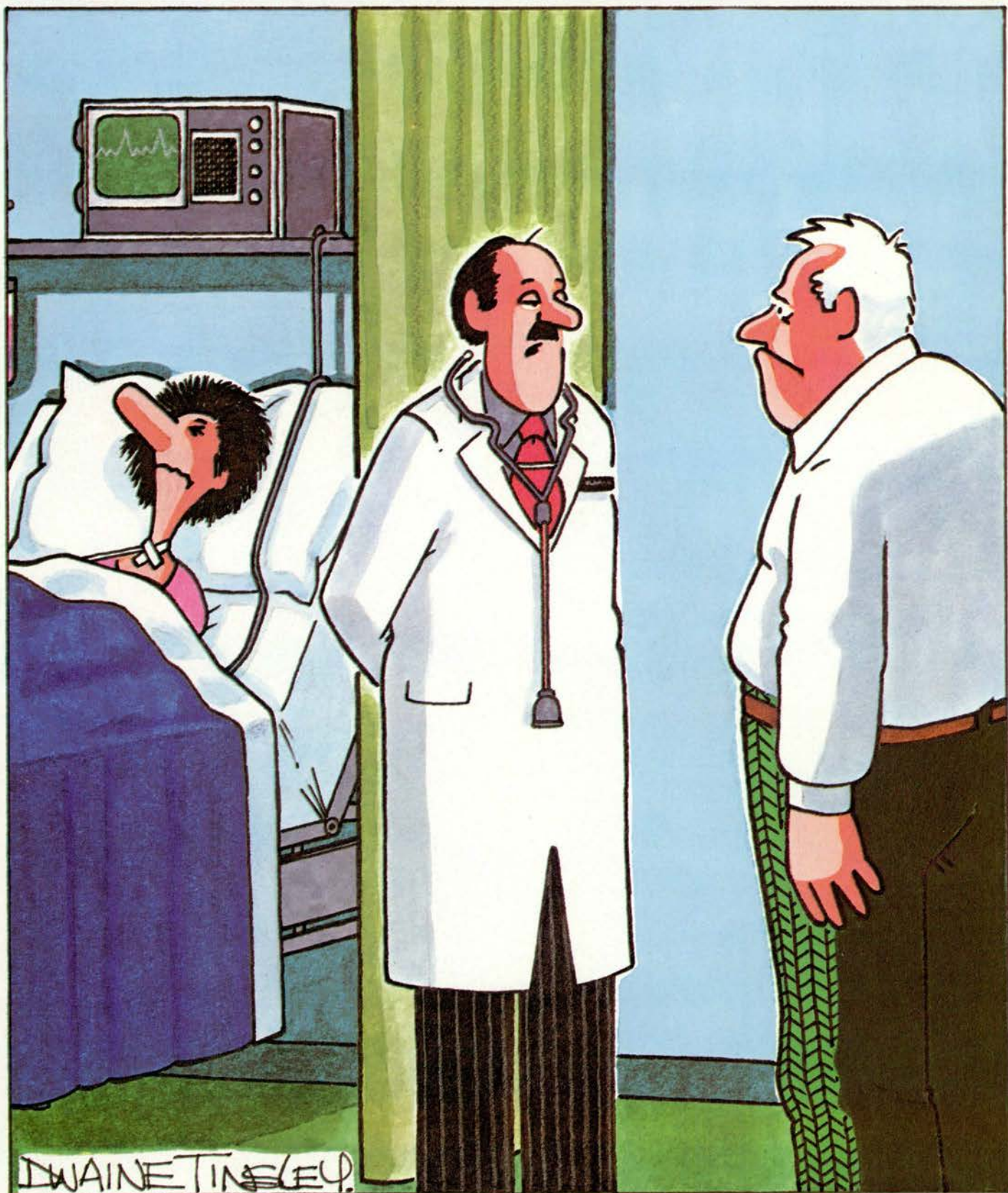
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HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think
that's funny...

CHESTER & HESTER



"We had to perform an emergency tracheotomy. Next time,
don't shoot such a load down her throat!"

THE DEADLY EXCHANGE

The miracle operation left Sister Margaret with the mind of a nun and the body of a hooker. She would soon learn which was more powerful.

FICTION BY J. BRADFORD OLESKER





Roxanne McAlister had picked up the john at a pub in Knightsbridge, one of London's classiest neighborhoods. He looked like a businessman and apparently had plenty of money, since he wanted a whole night, for which Roxanne's fee was \$500.

They went to his apartment and had straight sex, which kind of surprised her. Usually when someone wanted her for a whole night it was because they had kinkier adventures in mind. That rarely bothered Roxanne. Truth be known, she was more than a little partial to S&M.

But all he'd wanted was to be laid; at least that was all he wanted the first time, she reasoned. After they'd finished, he suggested they take a little nap. "It's going to be a long night."

Now that he mentioned it, she was a little woozy. She'd had three vodka tonics at the pub, and they were having an effect on her. She curled up next to him in the satin-sheeted king-size bed and drifted off into a deep sleep. Roxanne had no way of knowing that the john had emptied two Seconals into her drink when she had gone to the ladies' room.

He waited the better part of an hour, until she was sleeping soundly. This was the seventh time. When he was certain Roxanne was out, he got up and went to his dresser. He pulled a silencer-tipped

.38 from the drawer and walked back to the bed. The john looked down at the sleeping whore, smiled and placed the barrel of the weapon against her temple. He pulled the trigger, and the air was split by a single *phytt*.

At the precise moment Roxanne McAlister had been murdered, Sister Margaret Benson was leaving vespers 4,000 miles away in New York City. Her afternoon prayers completed, the nun was eager to leave St. George's for a weekend visit with her brother in New Hampshire.

Father Kilhaney walked with her through the rectory. "I wish I were going in your place," he said, glancing at her suitcase. "Yesterday was the first heavy snow, and skiing conditions will be . . . heavenly."

"You really should take some time off, Father. When was the last time you had a holiday?"

"I confess I can't recall."

"Everyone needs a bit of relaxation now and then."

The priest nodded in agreement. "I suppose you're right, Sister. Perhaps after Thanksgiving." He opened the door for her. "You have a nice weekend, and give my regards to your brother."

"I will. Thank you, Father."

Sister Margaret walked out into the brisk November air. Her shoes crunched

on the salt that had been spread on the church steps, and she pulled tighter on the black-wool coat she wore. It seemed the winters were getting harsher lately. She could still recall her early years at St. George's and how she used to work outside for hours, even in winter.

But that was almost 20 years ago. She would be 50 on Saturday. That was why she was going up to New Hampshire to see her brother Phillip and his wife. They were going to have a birthday party for her. It was foolishness, she had told Phillip at first. But now, she reflected, perhaps it wasn't so foolhardy. She had much to celebrate—a long and happy life in service to the Church and many, many people in the parish to whom she'd given help and guidance. It had been a good life.

These thoughts occupied Sister Margaret's mind as she crossed Madison Avenue, right into the path of an oncoming taxi. The cabbie slammed on his brakes, locking the wheels, and for a moment the air was filled with the ear-splitting sound of rubber tearing off the tires.

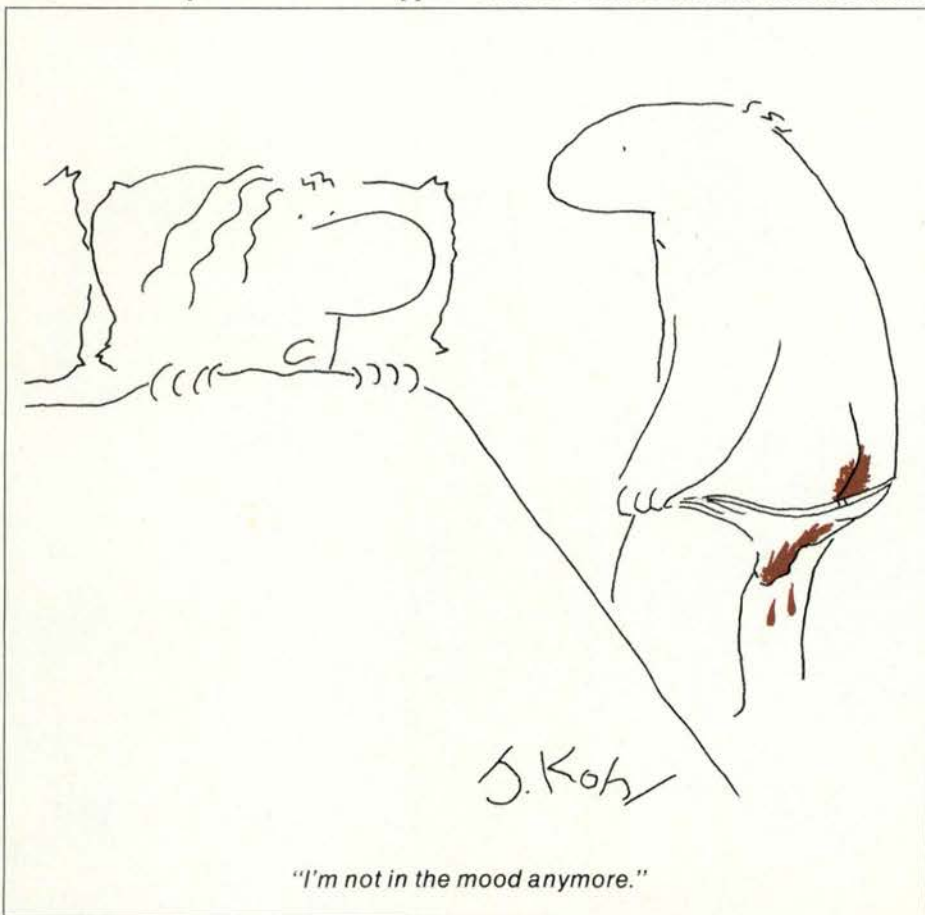
The cab, which had run a red light, was going 30 miles per hour when it struck the nun. Her hip, both legs and entire pelvic region were crushed by the blow. Her internal organs were pulverized. Sister Margaret was dead before she landed on the pavement, 25 feet from the point of impact.

In Boston, Massachusetts, Robert Hatcher watched the computer as information flashed on it. Another 15 minutes and he'd leave for home. Stubbing out his Camel, he stared at the screen, feeling a cold chill hit his gut. Hatcher hit the repeat button and scrutinized the data flashing across the green background again. Immediately the Meinhardt Institute's chief technician knew he was going to be working late.

The drapes were drawn in Dr. Ernest Meinhardt's opulent office. He disliked sunlight. In fact, he disliked light period. The only illumination came from a floor lamp by the door and a high-intensity desk lamp that was turned on only when he was reading.

Meinhardt was poring over the latest report from his medical team and the stunning success achieved in the gorilla experiments. He finished reading and pulled a pair of wire-rimmed glasses from his face. Meinhardt pinched the bridge of his nose and closed his eyes.

He had never doubted that the gorilla experiments would prove positive. Why, he had never doubted that any phase of the program would prove anything but positive. Meinhardt had invested a lifetime—more than a lifetime, actually—





"Nobody moves, or the lady gets it!"

since his late father had begun working in this line of research.

Still, scientific discipline required that he trace the experiments through each level of lower animals—rats, guinea pigs, cats and dogs, then finally monkeys, chimps, baboons and gorillas—before he could allow himself the privilege of embarking on the ultimate goal. Human beings.

He opened his eyes and smiled. He was ready now. All that remained was...

The intercom buzzed, breaking his train of thought. He punched the button. "Yes, Miss Ackerman?"

"Mr. Hatcher to see you, Doctor."

"Hatcher?" He looked back at the report. He wanted to go over it again, to relish the great accomplishment. Meinhardt frowned as he closed the folder. "Send him in."

Shortly, Robert Hatcher walked into Meinhardt's dark office. Clutched in his hand was a computer printout.

"Yes, Hatcher, what is it?"

The chief technician hesitated a second, savoring the moment in which he alone knew the monumental news. "We've got them, Doctor."

Meinhardt squinted and leaned forward almost across his massive desk. "What are you saying?"

"We've got them—the pair." Hatcher

slapped the printout on the desk. "A matched set."

The institute's director picked up the document and read. In a few minutes he looked up and asked, "Have you made contact with the sources?"

Hatcher nodded. "It couldn't be more perfect. The London half was a prostitute. She was discovered just 30 minutes ago. A .38-caliber bullet through her head. There's some psychopath in London going around shooting whores."

"The body," Meinhardt prompted, "what about her body?"

"Untouched. Just an entrance and exit hole in the cranial area, but the skull can be easily repaired."

The doctor looked down at the data, then back up at Hatcher. "And the other half?"

"A nun," the technician explained. "A taxi hit her in New York City. Extensive bodily damage, but the brain appears to be almost intact."

"But you said she was hit by—"

"I know, I know," Hatcher smiled. "It's a remarkable stroke of fortune. She was carrying a suitcase. When she landed, it cushioned her head. Hardly any cranial damage at all."

Meinhardt leaned back in his chair, feeling his heart flutter with anticipation. "Have you taken care of all the arrangements?"

"The prostitute was easy. No one's going to claim her; so it's a piece of cake. The nun was a bit more difficult, but our contact at the city morgue has taken care of it. He's already removed the brain and preserved it. London and New York are both pressuring us for immediate payment though."

"Of course. I'll have Dewhurst tend to it immediately." Meinhardt stood. "We're on our way."

It had cost nearly three-quarters of a million dollars just to get Sister Margaret Benson's brain and Roxanne McAlister's body onto the operating tables at the Meinhardt Institute. The contacts in London and New York were paid \$250,000 each for their assistance and silence. An almost-equal amount was required for other details: the proper equipment to preserve the brain and body during shipping; bribes for key officials so the package from London could bypass customs; and the actual cost of transportation.

These expenditures were of little concern to Dr. Ernest Meinhardt. He was convinced that the family fortune which had accumulated during the past 300 years would find its ultimate expression in mankind's greatest medical breakthrough.

The operation took 13 hours, and Meinhardt supervised every step. There were two stages. The first involved placing an artificial heart in the prostitute's body. This was accomplished by Dr. Paul Wentworth, a leading cardiovascular surgeon.

The second, and more-critical, stage was carried out by Meinhardt himself. Utilizing the technology of microsurgery, the doctor labored for nine hours. Sister Margaret's brain was first placed in the open skull of the receptacle body. Then came the grueling work of connecting minuscule blood vessels.

At 6:31 on the morning of November 16 the artificial heart began pumping blood to the brain. Four minutes later Sister Margaret clenched her right hand. History had been made.

Her head hurt.

That was the first thought Sister Margaret had. It was the worst headache she had ever experienced. The pain was white hot and at the back of her neck. She moaned.

Soon she felt a slight pain in her right arm, and she recognized, somehow, that it was a needle. Seconds later the pain miraculously receded.

"There will be some discomfort," she heard a voice to her left say.

The woman fought to open her eyes,

(continued on page 88)



"Do me a favor, Sugar. Pop that big zit near my asshole."

Florence

BEDSIDE MANNERS



Photography by James Baes



By the dawn's early light this American version of Florence Nightingale was making sure the Yankee soldiers were getting some much-needed rest. They had arrived wounded and exhausted after another bloody battle at the front lines. She wanted to care for these hardened men with all her heart. While they slept, her hand wandered under her lacy nursing clothes. Finding her moist mound, she wished she could offer it to the sexy private lying nearby. But this was war, and she had to be satisfied with quenching only her own desire. Ever so quietly, she reached orgasm, delighting in her secret pleasure. The soldiers would soon awaken.





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DEADLY EXCHANGE

(continued from page 78)

and when she succeeded, she could only make out the blurry image of shapes moving in front of her.

"It will pass," Meinhardt assured her.

"I..." Talking felt strange. Her tongue was thick, and her throat felt swollen. It was difficult for her to form words. "Could... could I have some water?"

"Certainly." Meinhardt signaled to the nurse.

Sister Margaret sipped from the glass. "Thank you."

"Tell me what you're thinking," Meinhardt pressed.

"That I'm lucky."

"Lucky?"

"I was hit by a car. I'm lucky to be alive."

Meinhardt held her hand and smiled. "My dear lady, you have no idea how truly lucky you are." He released her hand and said, "Now you must try to get some rest. We shall talk later."

"Talk?" She was feeling very weak.

"Yes. We have much to talk about."

"I still don't understand how it's possible," Sister Margaret said.

Dr. Meinhardt smiled. "It is not entirely necessary that you understand. All

you have to know is that it is possible and that you are alive."

It can't be quite that simple, she thought. Even with her limited knowledge of science and medicine, Sister Margaret knew she was the first. She had been recovering from the operation for a week. She could still recall her shock when they had finally allowed her to look into a mirror. It was like a dream. The face, the body, everything was foreign to her.

Although there was fear, there was also excitement. She had been given a second life. It was as if she had been given 30 years as a gift. She thought about the good she could do with those extra years, about the people she could help, about the knowledge she had.

"When am I going to be well enough to leave here?"

"Soon," Meinhardt said, "very soon."

"I can't wait to tell—"

He touched her arm gently. "You must tell no one."

Sister Margaret looked at the doctor quizzically.

"Sister," Meinhardt began to explain, "what we've done here is... it's—"

"Miraculous!" she exclaimed. "It's a boon to all mankind. You should be very proud."

He nodded. "Thank you. We are proud. But we must proceed slowly."

"Dr. Meinhardt, I think there's something you haven't told me."

"There is. Our experiments, the operation, the entire staff..." He hesitated, then continued, "We operate out of the bounds of conventional medicine."

"Illegally."

"You don't mince words, Sister."

"But surely the medical establishment would—"

"They will. But it must be presented in the right way, at the right time. You are still in postoperative recovery. You'll be under observation for many weeks. We're treading on new ground here. There may be side effects."

"You mean I'll have to stay here for months?"

Meinhardt smiled. "No. We'll be able to release you in a week or so. But we'll also want you to come in for routine examinations from time to time. Sister Margaret, I'm begging you to go along with us on this. If you don't, if you jump the gun, then all our work, all our years of labor, will have been for naught."

She weighed what the doctor was telling her. And in that moment of debate she felt ashamed. *I owe this man my life! More than that; I owe him my new life.*

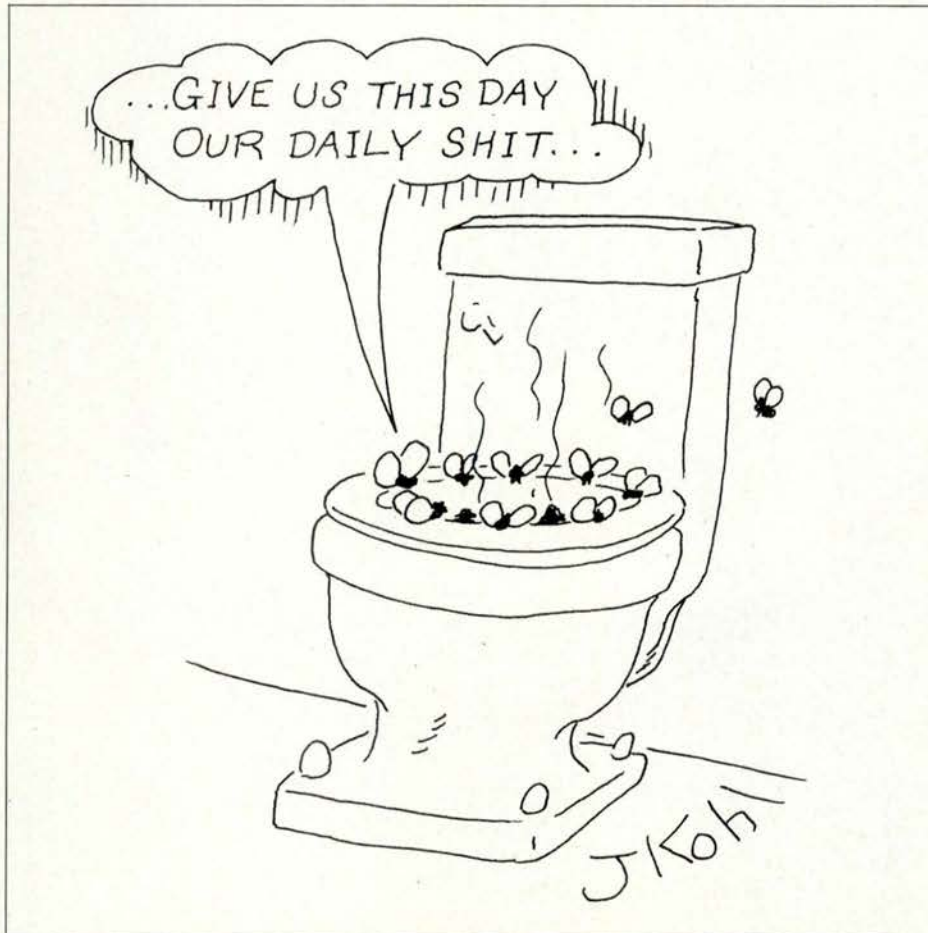
"Tell me what I must do, Dr. Meinhardt."

Four weeks after the operation, Margaret (for the time being she had dropped her ecclesiastical title) was living in a suite in Manhattan's Hotel Carmichael that offered a fine view of Central Park. It was more luxurious than anything she had ever dreamed of living in. The Meinhardt Institute, of course, was picking up the tab.

Tucked in the second drawer of a dresser, hidden beneath a stack of sweaters she had charged on the institute's American Express card, were six pages of instructions. They covered everything, from daily medication and exercises to various contingencies in the event of an emergency. Also in the booklet were the phone numbers of the institute and of a local physician who could be at the hotel in a matter of minutes.

She had memorized the instructions. At first the medication had made her a bit drowsy. But after a few days it didn't bother her. The headaches had disappeared as well. Her biggest problem for the past week had been boredom. She felt numb from watching endless soap operas, and the daytime game shows offered her little challenge.

So on this Thursday evening, after she had finished dinner at home, she decided to take a walk. The crisp December air refreshed her and cleared her mind as she walked down Fifth Avenue. She looked in the store windows along



Bill Mott



"Nice shot, son!"

with the throng of window-shoppers. Christmas trimmings were up already, and a festive mood could be felt.

She was walking past the Americana Hotel when she heard a voice call her. She turned and watched as a man in his early 50s approached. She smiled.

The stranger glanced about, then whispered, "Hi."

"Hello," Margaret answered.

"I'm in town for the electronics convention."

"That's nice."

"Listen, are you working?"

Margaret was somewhat taken aback by the man's familiarity, but she decided to be pleasant anyway. He was, after all, a visitor.

"No," she replied, "I'm taking a sort of vacation."

"Well, how about if I join you?"

"I don't think..."

He eyed her ample breasts and said, "Listen, I can pay you 50 bucks for a blowjob."

Margaret's hands shot up to cover her open mouth.

The man laughed. "Come on, I'll bet you've sucked a million cocks with those sweet lips of yours."

She blinked her eyes, fighting the revulsion in her stomach. Her head began to spin.

"Oh, I get it," the man nodded.

"Playing it straight is your gimmick." He reached around, slid his hands over her ass and gave it a squeeze she felt even through her overcoat. "How about we go for some coffee and get better acquainted?"

She swung at him, blindly, but with all the strength she could muster. It had been a well-aimed swing in spite of her condition, and her purse connected with the man's left shoulder.

He backed away, embarrassed that she was making a scene. "Hey, what the hell is this?!"

She swung again and missed. A small crowd had gathered now, eager for the street show.

"What are you, nuts?!" The conventioneer looked around. "She crazy or something?" The crowd laughed. "Somebody oughta call the cops and run her in—fucking whore."

And then she ran. Tears streamed down Margaret's face. She didn't know how long she ran or how far. All she knew was that she had to get away from the man who had humiliated her and from the crowd that had witnessed her shame.

She stopped running when she was out of breath. Margaret leaned against a wall for support. She was on a sidestreet, the lights dimmer. A man was walking past, and he saw her.

He took her arm, held her up. "You all right, lady?"

She wiped at her tears, sniffing. "Yes, yes, I'm all right."

"Here," he said, "let me help you."

But as he steadied her, she could feel his hand slither against her breast, pinching at it. His other hand went around her waist, gripping her hip.

Margaret pulled away from him, her eyes flaring. "Get away from me! Let go of me, you damn creep!" She kicked wildly at him. "Fucking creep!"

The man backed away as a car rounded the corner. "Ah, kiss my ass, bimbo." He hurried down the street.

Margaret walked in the other direction. She could feel her heart pounding against her chest. *Twice! Twice in minutes, men have tried to proposition me. What's happening? Has the world suddenly gone mad?*

Then she stopped walking. Suddenly, she forgot about the men and the operation and everything that had happened to her since the accident. One thought occupied her mind: The words she had screamed at the man. Like a recording, they played over and over in her mind.

Fuckingcreepfuckingcreepfuckingcreep-fuckingcreep...

She snapped herself out of it. *How? How could I have said those words? Where did they come from?*

She could feel her headache beginning to return, and she pushed the thoughts away. As she did, the headache subsided. Margaret hailed a cab and went back to the hotel.

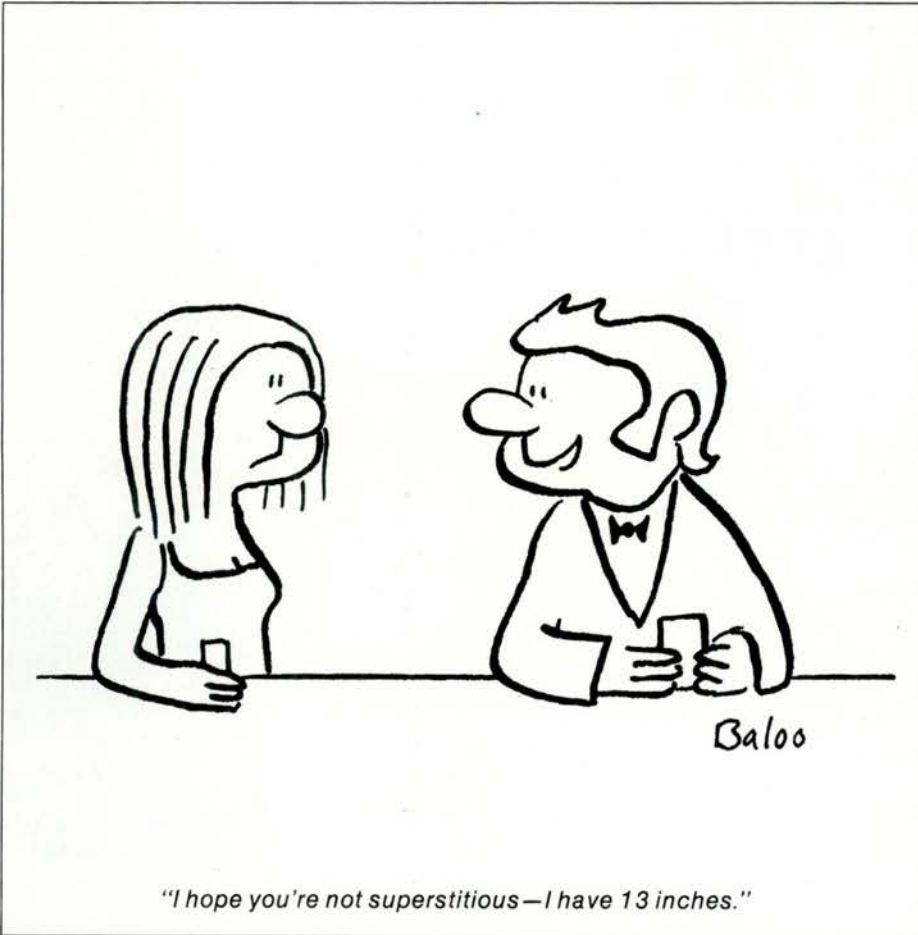
By the time she was in her suite, Margaret was shaking uncontrollably. She called Meinhardt, and he reassured her. He was certain it was nothing more than a period of adjustment she was going through. He reasoned that she had used foul language because the stranger had cursed at her. Meinhardt suggested she take a tranquilizer, a warm bath and go to bed.

The warm bath was good advice, Margaret thought as she soaked in the tub. She'd stopped shaking, and the tranquilizer was beginning to take effect. She soaped her body, marveling at the curves, her small waist, her full, firm breasts.

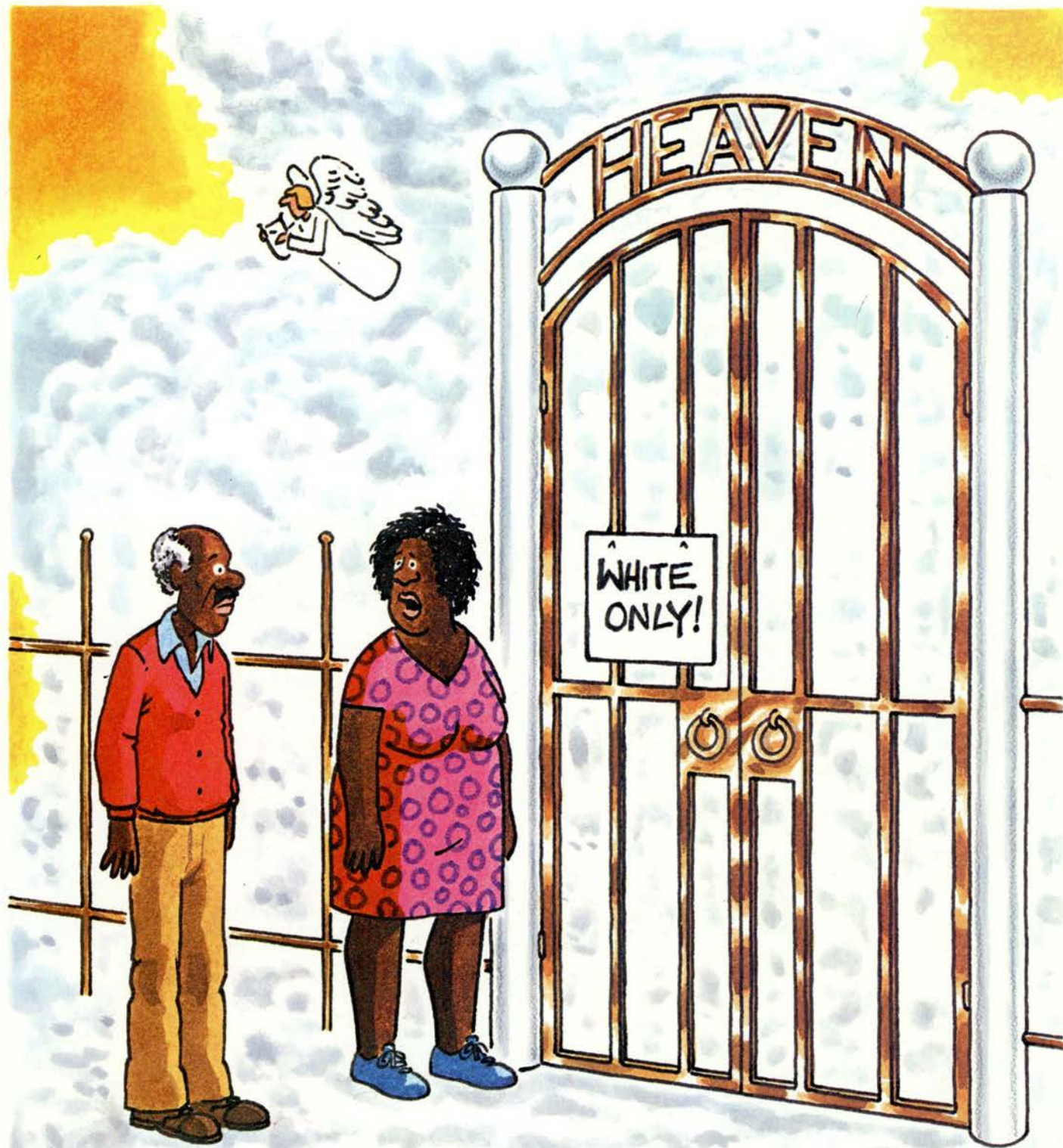
She watched as her nipples grew erect when she rubbed them with the rough washcloth. She felt somehow removed, as if she were a spectator merely observing what was happening.

She let go of the washcloth and touched her nipples with her fingertips, rolling them, her eyes suddenly heavy. A feeling of warmth spread slowly from her belly, and she felt her jaw open and her tongue travel across her lower lip.

(continued on page 102)



"I hope you're not superstitious—I have 13 inches."



DWAINETINSLEY.

"Uh, oh, Rufus..."

An underwater photograph of a person's legs and feet in a swimming pool. The water is clear blue, and sunlight creates shimmering patterns on the person's skin. The person's feet are visible at the top, and their legs extend downwards. A red lifebuoy is partially visible on the left side of the frame.

Skin Diving

Photography by Clive McLean



It is early Sunday morning. The first rays of sunlight cut through the pool's surface, illuminating the two lovers far down below. Their hungry mouths and tongues form a passionate underwater embrace. Reaching below, she senses his growing hardness. Both know their little adventure will have to go all the way. Holding their breaths, they fondle and kiss until he brings himself to her eager entrance. He discovers a different sort of wetness between her legs as they drive to a splashing climax. The early-morning visitors will leave soon after, and the pool will once again be calm.

















HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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Model's Legal Signature

Date

Model's Social Security Number

DEADLY EXCHANGE

(continued from page 90)

She was squeezing her nipples now. She let her left hand drop beneath the sudsy water, down her thighs.

Then she opened her eyes. *No! What am I doing?* She stopped, ashamed at what she had done. But then her eyes glanced at the luxuriant bush just below the surface of the water. She felt it crying out, felt the tingle between her legs.

She closed her eyes again.

Margaret's back arched as she slid a finger between the hot lips of her cunt. Her legs parted farther and, in response, she slipped another finger in, then another. She began rocking, fingering her cunt with three fingers, her thumb rubbing her pulsing clitoris as she did.

"Oh... oh, fuck me!" she cried. "Fuck my cunt! Fuck it hard!"

She turned sideways, brought her legs up and reached for her ass with her other hand. Still she rocked. Now she probed the rim of her puckered anus with her finger. She squealed in delight as she jammed it into her asshole.

Water spilled over the side of the tub as she first groaned, then screamed, the orgasm hitting her with more force than she knew existed.

Father Kilhane felt tired. He had aged. Sister Margaret's death had taken a terrible toll on him. He had agonized himself with thoughts of her. *What if I had asked her to have tea with me? What if I had spoken to her for just a few more minutes? Perhaps she wouldn't have been hit by the cab. If only...*

He turned to the sound of knocking on the door of his quarters. The priest looked at his watch. It was nearly midnight. He looked through the peephole at the woman outside, then opened the door.

"It's very late," he said. But then he saw that his visitor's eyes were beet red from crying. He stood aside and said, "Come in."

After Father Kilhane had closed the door, Margaret threw herself into his arms. "Father, Father, help me please."

He pulled her arms away, the press of her breasts against his chest making him uncomfortable. "Easy, child, easy." He led her to a sofa and asked, "Now, what's the matter? Tell me—"

"Father, it's me! Don't you recognize me. It's Margaret!"

"Mar..." He caught himself, regained his composure. It could only be a coincidence. "I'm afraid we haven't met."

She leaned forward. "Sister Margaret Benson. It's me, Father Kilhane!"

He leaned away from her, as if she

were something foul and poisonous. "What are you saying, child?!"

"It is me, Father. I've had an operation. After the accident I—"

"Be quiet! This is a church. You're speaking sacrilege."

She shook her head desperately. "You don't understand. I need your help, Father. I am Sister Margaret."

The priest stood. "Get out of here!"

She reached out for him. "Father—"

"Out, before I call the police! I buried Sister Margaret myself. I delivered the eulogy. What kind of fiend are you?"

"You don't..."

The priest grabbed her by the arm, pulled her from the couch and marched her to the door. "If you return, I'll have you jailed. I don't know where you heard about Sister Margaret, and I don't care. I won't have any sick ghouls in my church. Now out!"

And with that, Kilhane threw Margaret out into the corridor and slammed the door. She began to cry.

It was past midnight, but for the three men in the conference room of the Meinhardt Institute it promised to be a long night. Dr. Ernest Meinhardt sat at the head of the table. To his right was Dr. Paul Wentworth, the physician who had performed the revolutionary heart surgery. To Meinhardt's left was Dr. Michael Clinton, the world's leading authority on transplant rejection.

"And what did you tell the subject?" Clinton asked.

Meinhardt frowned. "I told her it was probably just a stress reaction. That she should take a bath and go to bed."

"Obviously," Wentworth said, "it's more than that."

"Obviously," Meinhardt agreed. He turned back to Clinton. "What do you think, Michael?"

"I'm not sure. It could be her body is beginning to reject the brain. But I think we're dealing with more than just organ rejection here, Ernest."

"What are you suggesting?" he asked, knowing very well what his colleague was about to say.

Clinton felt himself hesitating. The idea bordered on the supernatural, and they were all accomplished surgeons. Still...

"It is possible," Clinton began, "that—"

"No, it's impossible," Wentworth interrupted.

Clinton turned to the heart surgeon. "It's not impossible, Paul. We're dealing with virgin territory here. The subject was a nun. But her language, her behavior, was more in keeping with that of the prostitute whose body she presently occupies."

(continued on page 108)

Beaver Hunt

Warm summers are the perfect time for skinny-dipping, nude sunbathing and Beaver posing. Just aim your hot lens at a lovely lady and wait for the excitement to develop. Your Beaver, if selected, will win 50 bucks. Plus there's always the chance she'll be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All submissions become the

nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one color photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release on page 102, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$50.

Photo by Husband



Trish, 31, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, wishes she were marooned on a desert isle with Miles O'Keefe of the movie *Tarzan*. In the meantime, this bartender is content with shooting pool and boating.

Photo by Owen Caldwell



Mary Caldwell fantasizes about making love to all the foxy-looking dudes in her hometown, Las Vegas, Nevada. She's a 31-year-old housewife and model who enjoys sewing.

Photo by Friend



Eva I. Betts, 74, lives in Monroe, North Carolina. She enjoys sewing or just reminiscing. As for sexual fantasies, they've all been fulfilled "four or five times."



Joyce A. Jeter, 28, is a former mud wrestler from Florida who likes sex and riding motorcycles. She'd love to use her 13-inch dildo to give her incarcerated husband "some face" in a prison bathroom.

Photo by David Childers



Hernando, Mississippi, is home to topless dancer Barbara Childers. This 24-year-old's sexual fantasy is "to make wild, passionate love on the beach at sundown." She also likes horseback riding, swimming and singing.

Photo by Robert Taylor Jr.



Making love on the beach with the waves breaking over her would satisfy the sexual cravings of Cheryl Klaren, a 19-year-old housewife from Newport News, Virginia. She also likes plants and crocheting.

To be stranded with J. R. of the TV show *Dallas* would please Carol of Russellville, Kentucky. She's a 31-year-old housewife who spends her free time writing and making love.

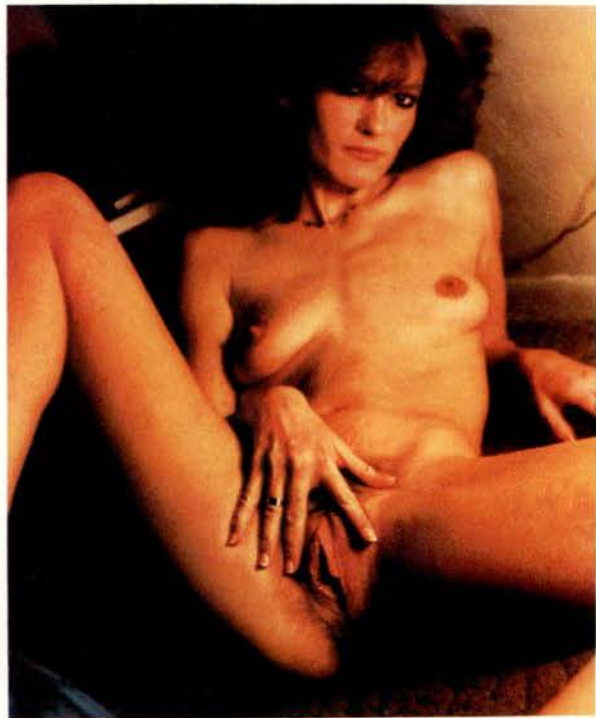


Photo by John Klaren

Photo by Wayne Hughes



Waitress Tamera MacRunnel's sexual fantasy is being fulfilled by having her picture in this month's *Beaver Hunt*. She's a 20-year-old Riverside, California, native who plays racquetball and swims.



Photo by Roger Rowland



Margo Grim of Houston, Texas, is a 27-year-old topless dancer who dreams of becoming a high-class call girl and making love with two men at the same time. She also enjoys dancing, reading and cooking.

Photo by Husband



To make love in a field full of tall grass would satisfy the sexual desires of K. C., a 29-year-old secretary from Redondo Beach, California. This heavenly beach body is also a pretty hot roller skater.

Bacchus the bulldog lives in Cape May, New Jersey. He's had his eye on the neighbors' frigid poodle Fifi and fantasizes about turning her into his panting, lustful slave.



Photo by Paul Cakett

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one for the ladies

Photo by Pierre Lawrence



Michael LaMear, 22, is a San Francisco laborer who plays tennis and writes. He'd like to make love in the shower with a lady singer as they work one another into a sudsy passion.

Beverly of Bayville, New Jersey, is a 21-year-old retail salesperson who enjoys skiing, swimming and reading. But she says her secret desire is to have "my man watch another man make love to me."



Photo by Franz Kiaschko

Photo by Husband



Rugmaking and lovemaking rank high on the list of hobbies for M. B. of Garland, Texas. She's an 18-year-old housewife who fantasizes about getting it on with two men deep in the woods.



DEADLY EXCHANGE

(continued from page 102)

Meinhardt leaned forward. "Are you proposing that the prostitute's body is trying to take control of the subject's brain?"

Clinton nodded. "We are men of medicine, Ernest. But we're dealing with something bigger here. We're dealing with the soul."

"That's preposterous!" Wentworth exclaimed.

"Perhaps not," the cardiologist replied. "Theologians suggest that the soul occupies all parts of the body."

"If what you say is true," Meinhardt continued, "then Sister Margaret may be faced with an internal conflict greater than any person has ever faced."

Clinton nodded in agreement. "A prostitute battling with a nun. Ernest, it may be a mortal battle."

Meinhardt stood. "I'll send someone to bring her back here at once."

Who the hell orders steak and potatoes at 2 o'clock in the morning? Jimmy Franklin wondered. He rolled the room-service cart up the hallway and stopped in front of Suite 816. He knocked and announced himself.

When the woman opened the door, Franklin's mouth all but fell open. She

was a knockout. She wore a tissue-thin negligee that was barely long enough to cover her snatch. Franklin's eyes rested on the silver-dollar-size nipples that stared back at him from beneath the fabric.

He looked up at her, embarrassed at having been staring at her. "I... I'm sorry," he stammered.

Margaret smiled. "Bring the cart in." She closed the door and led him inside. Franklin was rewarded with a perfect view of her wiggling ass cheeks peeping out below the hem of her nightgown. Margaret rolled her hips as she walked, her cunt already beginning to ooze anticipatory juices. *He's so nice and young*, she thought.

Margaret turned around and lowered her eyes to the bulge in his pants. She opened the gown and reached inside for her tits. To the delight and shock of the room-service attendant, she pulled her ample breasts out, grabbed at her nipples and began pinching them.

Then she purred, "Do you like my tits?"

"Hell, yes," Franklin said, completely forgetting why he'd been summoned.

"Would you like to suck on them?"

He crossed the room in three quick strides. "You bet, lady."

"Wait a minute," she said, thrusting out a hand to stop him. At first, Franklin

thought she was only going to be a tease. But instead she reached for the hem of her gown with her free hand and pulled it up. Margaret extended her middle finger and shoved it into her waiting cunt, the intrusion greeted by a juicy slurp.

"I like touching myself," she said, watching as the young man's eyes widened with amazement. "And I like knowing you're watching me." She began to breathe deeply as she aroused herself. "Now suck my tits," she implored.

Franklin complied eagerly, but only for a moment. In seconds he was on his knees before her, his tongue prodding her clitoris to full erection.

"Stick your tongue in all the way," she ordered. "All the way." Again Franklin played the obedient student, tasting the tartness of her juices as he lapped at them.

He could feel her shudder, and he knew he'd driven the woman to climax. She pushed him away and clawed at his fly, almost ripping it open. The object of her attention sprang out like a steel shaft. Margaret knelt before him, taking long licks up the length of his cock.

"Oh, yes," she cooed. "Oh, yes, this will do very nicely."

Franklin cocked his head, half-listening to her voice through his sexual excitement. Later he would recall that he detected a faint accent... perhaps British. For now, though, he contented himself with driving his prick into Margaret's waiting, moist, puffed lips, and then slowly pulling it out. He could feel her warm tongue swirl expertly around his penis as he withdrew, driving him closer and closer to climax.

Then she backed away and stood up. "I want that cock inside me," she said, leading him to the bed. "I want you to fuck me like I've never been fucked before."

"You got it, lady," Franklin muttered, leaping onto the bed with her. He wasted no time, driving his prick into her so hard that she squealed with delight at the first penetration.

He opened his eyes and looked down. He couldn't believe his luck. He pinched her nipples with his fingers, and she moaned in ecstasy.

"Faster," she pleaded, "faster."

Franklin drove his cock into her.

"Forgive me!" she bellowed. "Father Kilhaney, forgive me! I have sinned. Fuck me! Fuck the bitch!"

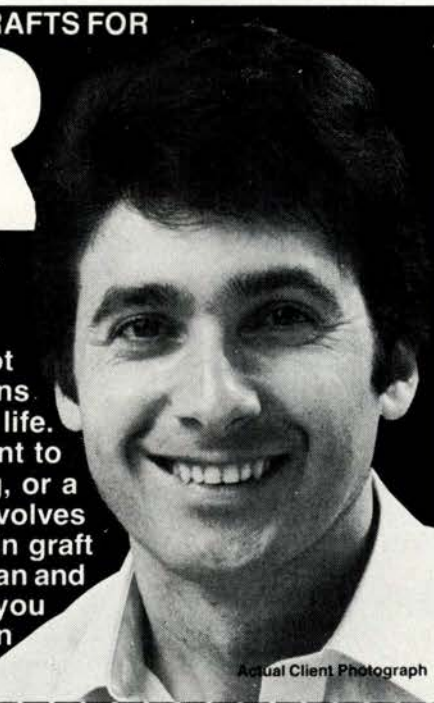
The attendant looked at her, listening to the strange words coming from her mouth. He was too hot to care about what she was saying. He didn't care that she wasn't making sense. He chalked it up to his expert lovemaking. Faster he

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J. Kohn

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drove his prick into her and faster still.

"I have shamed the Church!" Margaret shouted. "I have disgraced my Lord! Stick it in! Deeper!" She shook her head from side to side, feeling the life source of the whore clashing with her own. Then she thought about it no more. She was no longer a nun. She was a whore, and she took a whore's pleasure, her juices boiling and surging into a volcanic explosion as she came.

Jimmy Franklin left half an hour later, totally spent. Margaret lay in bed for two hours, staring vacantly at the ceiling. When she sat up, finally, she looked at the clock on the nightstand. It was past 3. Margaret thought about the room-service attendant, about what she had begged him to do to her.

She got out of the bed, went to the dresser and took two candles from a drawer. She placed them on each side of the bed and lighted them. Next she took a silver crucifix from the nightstand, bent at the foot of the bed and began to pray. "Give me strength in my hour of need, Lord. Keep this demon from me. Let her tempt not my flesh to..."

Her eyes still closed, the words choked in her mouth, as if an invisible hand had wrapped around her throat. She could feel her belly tighten. She was suddenly aware of the press of her breasts against her nightgown, of the fabric rubbing against her nipples.

Margaret flinched when she felt the cold metal against her breast. She opened her eyes and looked down to see the crucifix rubbing the points of her nipples to erection. Her mouth opened, her lips puffing from arousal. She let her hand drop to the hem of the nightgown, and then she pulled it up.

Her hand slid up the smoothness of her legs, then stopped. Margaret began to fight. Her hand hovered in midair, just inches away from her throbbing vagina. "No," she whispered, almost pleading. "No, please don't. I won't." She pulled her hand away, pulled the cross away from her nipples.

A ragged smile crossed her lips, and when she spoke, it was not her own voice she heard but that of another woman. It was the voice of an English whore who had died at the hands of a man whose name she hadn't even known.

"Oh, yes you will," the voice said. "You'll fuck yourself all right, love. You'll stick your fingers up your cunt and fuck yourself until you're raw. And you'll love it!"

Margaret jerked against the brutal assault her hand made on her cunt. She winced at the pain her fingers drew as they shoved themselves up and in, then in and out.

She closed her eyes, trying to fight the feeling. But it was exquisite. It felt so good; oh, so good. *She's right*, Margaret thought. *It's wonderful*. She loved it, had missed it all her life. She was...

Margaret's eyes snapped open at the same time the scream broke from her. She pushed back with all her weight, felt her hand pull free from inside. She landed hard on the carpeted floor, knocking the wind from herself.

It worked, she thought. She had pretended to give in just long enough so the body would weaken its hold on her brain. She had fooled it, fooled her new body.

She stood and ran to the closet, throwing open the doors. She would not have much time. Already she could feel the return of the itching, hot glow from the body's cunt. She could sense the anger it felt at having been fooled.

She would not get another chance. Margaret reached into the closet, took what she needed and ran back to the nightstand. She opened the drawer and looked at the bottles of pills that lay inside, waiting for her.

Robert Hatcher sat in Margaret's suite at the Hotel Carmichael, phone in hand. The Meinhardt Institute's chief technician waited as it rang. Finally, someone on the other end picked it up.

"Hello," a female voice answered. "This is Hatcher. Put Dr. Meinhardt on."

A moment later Meinhardt came on the line. "Hatcher?"

"She's dead, sir."

"Shit."

"Looks like an overdose. Good thing we had a key."

"Did you find out anything else?"

"I did some snooping around. Had to drop some cash to a room-service attendant she had summoned earlier."

"And?"

"He said they had quite a party."

"Clinton was right," Meinhardt said almost to himself.

"Sir?"

"Nothing. Get out of there, Hatcher. Get back here right away."

"What are we going to do, Doctor?"

"Start looking for another pair, of course."

"What about the girl? I mean, it's terrible, Doctor. She was only—"

"I'll have some of our people pick up the body. She was just a whore, Hatcher."

Hatcher looked at Margaret lying dead on the bed. She was fully clothed in her nun's habit, a crucifix clutched in her hands, two short candles burning on the bedside tables. "No," the technician said. "No, sir, she wasn't a whore."

He hung up the phone. ☹

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Something about jogging always makes me horny, and one chilly evening a few weeks ago provided a good example. The fog was rolling in as I ran up a steep hill in San Francisco, where I live. I could feel the perspiration soaking my T-shirt, making it totally transparent as it clung to my sensitive nipples. The sweat even trickled down into my shorts and drenched my pussy. I was ready for love.

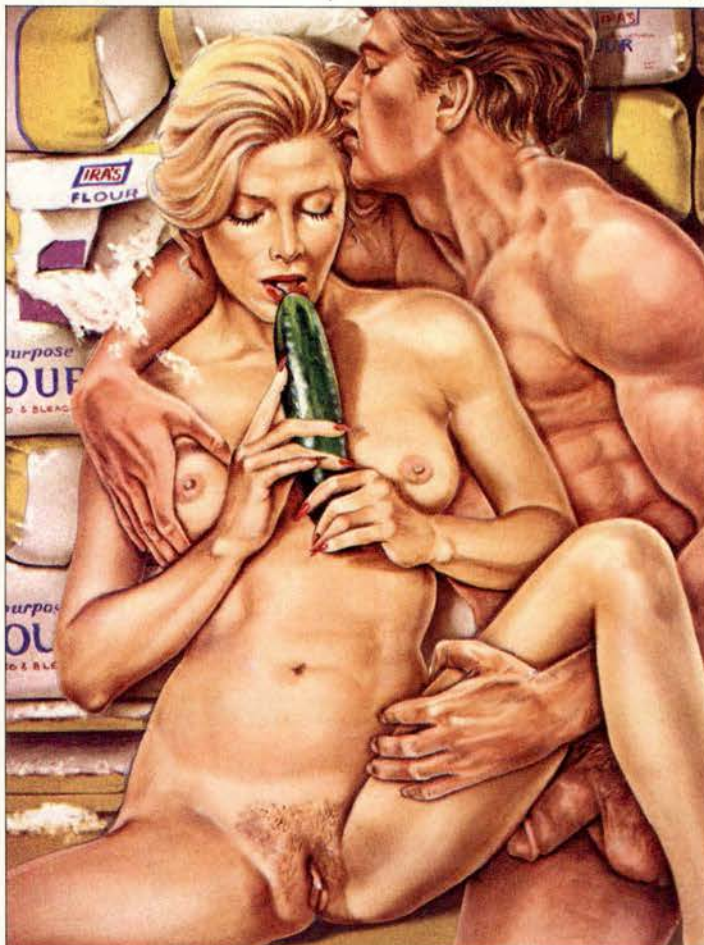
It had been about three months since I'd moved from Minneapolis, and my once-healthy sex life had taken a bad turn. Besides being overworked, I was realizing that an attractive 27-year-old female executive in a city full of gay men can easily forget what being a woman is all about.

And frankly, I think I'm one hell of a woman: big blue eyes, pouty little bee-sting lips, a flawless complexion, a blond ponytail, and a figure that would stop traffic in any other city. But except for an unexciting one-night stand with a prepie lawyer I'd met in a singles bar, living in a sexually free city like San Francisco had done nothing for my love life.

Jogging back to my apartment, I expected to spend another dull evening catching up on paperwork, watching a little television and then crawling into bed—alone. On the spur of the moment I stopped at the small grocery store near my place. I wanted to stuff myself with calories, since nothing *else* was available.

The market seemed empty. I strolled through the pastry section and gazed longingly at the rows of danishes, banana-cream pies and sponge cakes. After a few minutes I began to get the feeling I was being watched. I looked around and saw, behind the counter at the back of the store, a tall, husky young man staring at my transparent T-shirt. He couldn't have been much older than 18. And he was as cute as he was young, with short brown hair, sparkling brown eyes and a pug nose. When I caught a glimpse of the hefty bulge in the crotch

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



SEX SALAD

by Sharon Miller

of his faded bluejeans, I shuddered.

"It's closing time, ma'am," he said. "Anything I can help you with?"

Was there ever! For a moment I said nothing. I just stared back at him and smiled. He blushed and looked down at his feet.

My mind was racing. I couldn't let this one get away. "Doughnuts!" I blurted. "Do you have any chocolate doughnuts left?"

"Got some in the back—wanna see?" he grinned, jerking a thumb toward the storeroom.

As he turned to go down the aisle, I admired his muscular buns straining the fabric of his snug jeans. I decided

to help things along by turning the OPEN sign on the door to CLOSED. Then I followed him toward the dark room at the rear. My whole body tingled.

He flicked on a light switch, and we walked into the cluttered room. I watched his tight, compact little ass again as he bent over and searched through one of several large cardboard boxes, and I could barely restrain myself from attacking him.

When he turned his head and saw me standing a few inches away, he noticed where I was looking and asked, "Anything else I can do for you?" This guy really liked to be led! Was he innocent or just playing a game? Well, he wasn't holding any chocolate doughnuts. That answered my question.

So I told him the doughnuts could wait. I reached down to squeeze the hardness that descended a good nine inches into the right leg of his jeans. He was so startled that he jumped. But then, with a smile, he pressed his hand to mine as I unzipped his fly. For a moment I thought I could actually hear his heart pounding. It seemed to keep time with the throbbing of his dick. He was scared, excited and sexy all at the same time. The combination was a real turn-on.

I fell to my knees and gave his muscular thighs a hearty squeeze. Pulling out his massive cock, I licked the long, hard shaft and then popped the whole thing into my mouth. "Oh, lady!" he moaned as I began to languorously deep-throat his thick muscle.

Any reluctance he'd shown earlier vanished. He started driving his pelvis against my face as he fucked my mouth. But he wanted more than a blowjob. After a while he pulled his cock from between my lips, raised me up and with trembling hands removed my shorts. He grabbed me and held me tightly, squeezing my ass and kneading the taut cheeks.

Then he gently laid me down on the floor, with my head resting on a sack of

flour. I reached up and pulled him down on top of me. Instantly I felt his fingers probing my hot, juicy cunt.

I shivered with delight. The sensation was almost too good to believe. This kid knew what he was doing! I quickly peeled off my clammy T-shirt and felt his lips cover my tits with kisses. His tongue lapped feverishly at my hard, swollen nipples. "That feels so good!" I gasped. I could feel flour in my hair. There was a hole in the bag—but who cared?

After a moment or two he stood up and stripped off his clothes. When he knelt down in front of me, I spread my legs and raised them over his broad shoulders. Skillfully, he guided his prick between the wet folds of my cunt.

I reached around to grab him by the ass as I'd been longing to do, and I pulled him closer, feeling his wonderful cock bury itself to the hilt. Before long, we were fucking like dogs in heat—or in flour, I should say, because our fucking had torn the sack apart. The white powder was flying all over. His breath came in quick, hungry grunts as his big, fat dong rammed my clinging pussy.

But he pulled out of me, stood up and fumbled through the contents of one of the boxes. I looked up to see a jar of olive oil in his hand. But I didn't protest when I realized what he was going to do.

As he massaged my asshole with it, the slick, heavy oil felt nice and cool on the outside—and nice and hot inside! He turned me over on all fours and eased his tool into my tight anus. Breathing hard, he said that none of his girlfriends would let him do this. I didn't mind.

As he thrust deeper and deeper into my bottom, his oily fingers squeezed my tits, pinching my nipples almost brutally. He seemed to know somehow that I didn't mind a little pain to add spice to my pleasure. Soon he was giving my shoulders little love bites.

Suddenly, he groaned that he couldn't hold back. "I'm coming!" he shouted as he flooded my bowels with his boiling sperm. I felt his huge rod slip out of me, dragging folds of flesh backward as it exited, despite the ample lubrication. I looked back and saw that my miracle man was still shooting in long, hot spurts. His load drenched my pussy and dribbled down my tingling thighs. I was bathed in his thick, milky cum.

"Sorry about that!" he gasped, catching his breath. He explained that it had been a couple of weeks since he'd had a chance to get down with anybody. Smiling, he stood up and told me not to move.

He searched around in a corner of the storeroom, and when he came back to me, I saw he was carrying a large

cucumber. My mouth dropped open in disbelief. *He's got to be kidding!* I thought. *They only do this in porn flicks.*

He patted my ass and told me to just relax. Before I could say anything, he rubbed some olive oil on one end of the cucumber and eased it deep into my pussy. He held it there for a long, electrifying moment while I adjusted to its enormous size—which wasn't as difficult as I'd feared. Then, almost as if he'd had plenty of practice, that kinky kid began to fuck me with it. I opened my legs wide and pulled his face down to my cunt, where his tongue could flick and suck its way across my aching clit.

He continued to plunge the thick, hard vegetable in and out of my twat in long, frantic strokes, his tongue never stopping its rapid-fire action. Soon he was tonguing his way all around the cucumber, twisting his head to do so. I was sure he'd known for some time that you can do more with vegetables than just eat them. Well, more power to him.

I reached down to massage my nipples with the creamy cum that smeared my thighs. "Keep sucking my clit!" I gasped. Soon there was less flick and more suck. He was determined to please, and he knew how to do it.

All at once my body was shaking with ecstasy. My cunt felt much bigger and fuller than it ever had before. At last I exploded in a pulsating, oily, delicious orgasm—the best I'd ever had. Each time that huge cucumber pushed its way into my pussy, it sent me off again.

Finally, I came back to earth and found my teenage teacher smiling proudly at me. I knew he couldn't wait to tell his buddies that he'd fucked an older woman—but I wondered if he'd tell them *how*. At that point I couldn't have cared less what he said. I stood up weakly, and he gave me a long, lip-bruising kiss. He squeezed the cheeks of my ass as his tongue pushed its way between my teeth, inside my cheeks and down my throat.

We dressed, dusting off the flour, and I left. Taking the box of doughnuts with me—I had to remind him to go back to the storeroom for it—I stepped out on the dark street, contented.

I couldn't keep from smiling when I noticed the red-neon sign in the market window just before my young lover turned it off and closed up the store. It announced, "WE DELIVER."

That, I knew, was the understatement of the year.

I went back to my apartment, took a long, hot shower and slept better than I had in weeks. As for jogging, I still do it. But I also know I can get my exercise inside my friendly neighborhood market—especially at closing time. 🍌



Female athletes are nothing more than sexless amazons—or so goes the common belief. But CHIC has found that lady jocks possess sex drives every bit as strong as their competitive instincts. And though some have admitted to lesbian affairs, that's far from all there is to the female athlete's sex life. Explore the women who push their bodies to the limit in Robert Joe Stout's eye-opening article.

There's an unhealthy surprise in store for those who considered marijuana "safe." Recently the ban on paraquat was rescinded, and now the lung-damaging chemical can be sprayed on U.S. pot crops. Get the lowdown in Ed Dunkel's disturbing DOPE column.

Violent living awaits the ruthless characters in this month's fiction. Sex and survival become one and the same in D.S. Bradford's bloodthirsty science-fiction thriller, WAR GAMES.

The Kennedy assassinations and the brutal Manson-family slayings inspire the musical drama performed by Tutu Band—a rock group that aims to shock society into awareness. Tune into the masters of mind games in CLOSE-UP.

Plus, you'll discover spicy tidbits in TRIVIA TRIP, outrageous humor in ODDS & ENDS, the behind-the-scenes story of singers and their songs in MUSIC NOTES and CHIC's beautiful women, who look their best at any angle.

AUGUST ISSUE ON SALE NOW

Honey

ONCE THE SUMMER SUN IS OUT, NOTHING CAN KEEP HONEY AND THE GIRLS INDOORS OR IN CLOTHES — NOT EVEN A YARD FULL OF POOL-BUILDERS!

I WISH THE WORKERS WERE FINISHED! WON'T IT BE GREAT TO GO IN THE POOL AFTER WE'VE LAID IN THE SUN?

I CAN'T WAIT TO GO FOR SOME SUN AFTER I'VE BEEN LAID IN ZEE POOL!

CHUG-CHUG-CHUG!

CCCCRRUUUNNNINGH!

BUT THE WORK COMES TO A HALT WHEN THE DIGGERS UNCOVER AN ENORMOUS METAL HATCH!

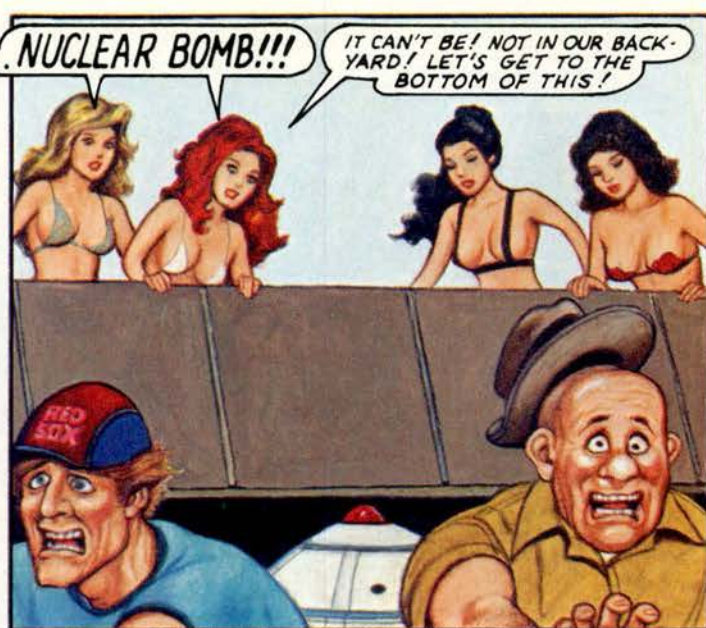
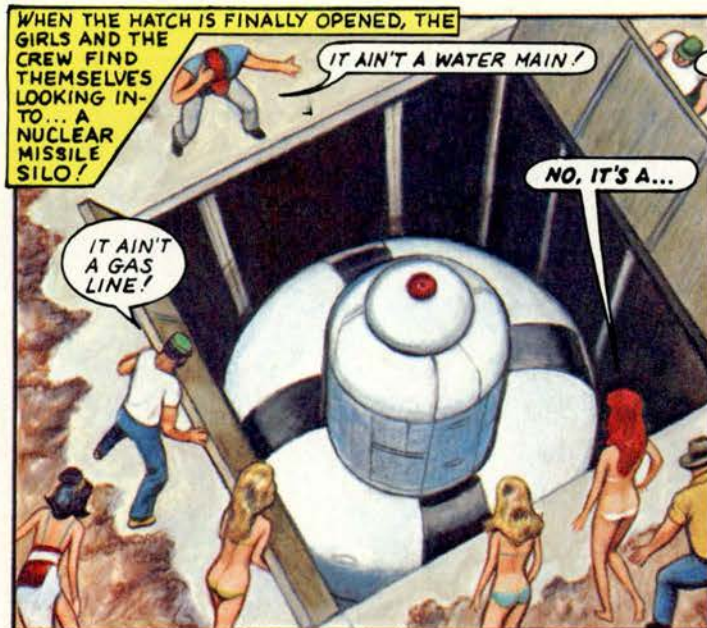
OKAY, EVERYBODY, PULL!

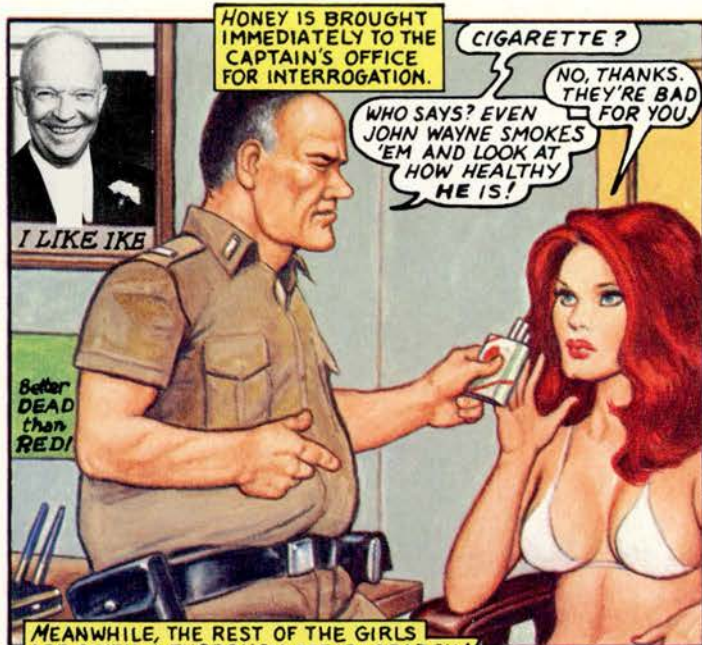
AND YOU, FOREMAN! PUT A LITTLE MORE INTO IT!

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, LADY!

MAYBE WE CAN PRY IT OPEN! GIVE ME A HAND!

BELIEVE ME, LADY... I'D LIKE TO PUT A LOT MORE INTO IT!





JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER, AN ALARM SOUNDS TO WARN OF APPROACHING AIRCRAFT!



THIS IS IT! THE BIG ONE! I'VE GOT TO PUSH THE BUTTON!

WHY DON'T YOU PUSH ON MY BUTT ON INSTEAD?

WHOOOOOEEEEE!



MOVE IT, COMMIE! EVEN MONROE COULDN'T STOP ME FROM DROPPING THIS BABY ON RED SQUARE!

DON'T... OOOOF!

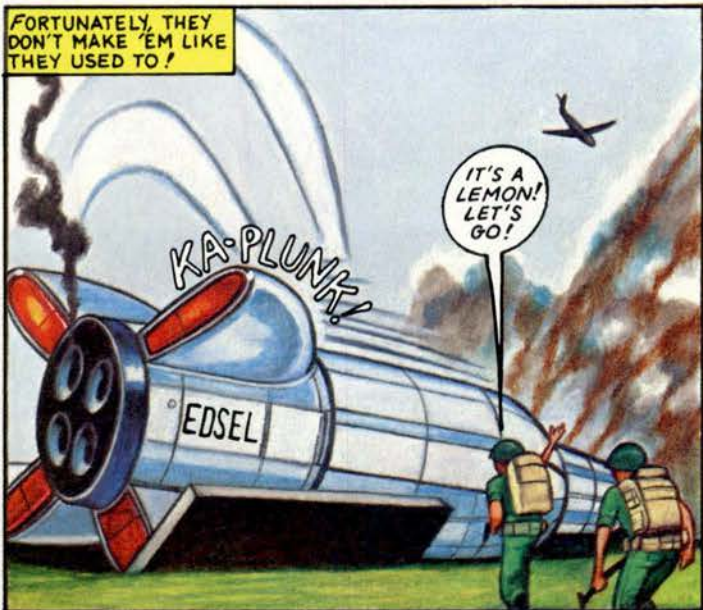
BUT IT'S NOT THE RUSSIANS THAT TRIGGERED THE ALARM— IT'S THE U.S. TROOPS COMING TO RESCUE THE GIRLS!



THE GUYS IN THAT SILO ARE NUTS! THAT THING'S GONNA LAUNCH!

VOOOOM!

FORTUNATELY, THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THEY USED TO!



IT'S A LEMON! LET'S GO!

KA-PLUNK!

EDEL

AFTER A QUICK AND BLOODLESS RESCUE, A TOP GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL TRIES TO MAKE AMENDS WITH HONEY.



AS SECRETARY OF DEFENSE, I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR ALL THIS! GOSH, WE'D JUST TOTALLY FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT LITTLE HOLE WITH A NUCLEAR WARHEAD IN YOUR BACKYARD!

I'M JUST GLAD THAT LITTLE HOLE DIDN'T TURN MY PROPERTY INTO A BIG HOLE!

ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS BLOW UP THE REDS!

MAYBE YOU AND I AREN'T SO FAR APART, CAPTAIN.

U.S. AIR FORCE MENTAL HOSPITAL

THE END

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO VIDEO

Anyone living in the 1980s who's heavily into porn knows about the phenomenal impact videocassettes have had on American culture. Mild-mannered people who, in the past, would never have ventured into a peep-show arcade are today renting fuck fare in great numbers. For whatever reason, hard-core features are gaining a new wave of respectability among sexually straight folks.

In fact, at the mammoth semi-annual consumer-electronics shows in Chicago and Las Vegas, the most-popular booths on the exhibit-display floor are invariably those of the X-rated video manufacturers. In the booths, porn stars like Marilyn Chambers and Desiree Cousteau flirt with patrons and sign autographs.

Because so many people are into viewing suck-and-fuck films on their TV screens, we'd like to recommend a pamphlet that will help you get more out of your videotape unit. It's called *Video: Your New Window on the World* and is available free from the Electronic Industries Association of the Consumer

Electronics Group (2001 Eye St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20006). Besides containing 45 short points that detail some innovative ways to enjoy videotape machines, the brochure explains different tape formats, how videodiscs work and the use and care of equipment. To get a copy, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a request for the pamphlet.

In a world where rip-offs by mail happen every day, there's nothing better than free information about how to stretch your hard-earned bucks.

BLACK AND BLUE MOVIES

I'm a black dude who's really a big fan of porn, but there's one thing I've noticed in X-rated movies or loops—the actors are usually white. Can you tell me how I can get some films showing a dark brother like myself fucking a white chick? I think this is called "soul sex." I'm especially trying to find movies of a black guy getting head from or butt-fucking a fine white girl.

—G. M.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

If blacks and whites fucking in color is what turns you on, we suggest checking out the *King Paul* series in the *Diamond Collection* of short sex films. Available for \$20 each, or six for \$99, the Diamond movies feature beautiful blondes and brunettes making it with well-hung ebony men in every possible way. For super-slick asshole-entry action, order *Anal Treasures* (FDC-166), *King Anal* (FDC-111) or *Mix 'n' Match* (FDC-13). For blowjob scenes try *Grandpa Paul* (FDC-153), *10½* (FDC-144), *Big Chopstick* (FDC-23) or *Jessie* (FDC-80), which features Jessie St. James going down on Paul's king-size dick.

You can order all of these through *Fantasy Images* (5032 Lankershim Blvd., Suite 5, North Hollywood, CA 91601). The complete catalog of Fantasy Image's movies and magazines costs \$3 and showcases bestsellers from many

series, including *Limited Edition*, *Swedish Erotica*, *Golden Girls*, *Raffaelli's Collection* and many others. And unlike a lot of shady companies, this firm offers only uncensored, hard-core products, including some of the hottest interracial material around.

LESSONS IN LUST

Thanks to your magazine I've picked up dozens of tips on how to improve my sex life, such as Chinese ways of fucking and how to rim an asshole. I'm interested in learning more about screwing, and I want to get a movie or tape that shows new techniques. I need something that has lots of hot stuff, not just a movie simulation with two people wearing leotards and dry humping. Can you help me out?

—J. A.
Baltimore, Maryland

Actually, if you watch some of the full-erection-rated films we mention in our *X-Rated Reviews* (page 25), you'll probably get a complete course in sex education. But if you're looking for something that's both scholarly and scorching, you might want to order a four-volume videotape set called *The Creative Sex Series*. Produced by Dr. Ted McIlvenna, head of the Advanced Institute for the Study of Sexuality in northern California, the series spotlights nonactors who explain and illustrate basic balling and offer handy advice on ways to improve your moves. Some of the best minds in the field of sexology, such as Dr. John Money and Wardell Pomeroy, contributed to the research for this helpful series. The four volumes are: "Creative Sex for Couples Who Want a Better Sex Life"; "Creative Sex Settings and Creative Sex Vacations"; "Creative Sexual Approaches and Creative Use of Sex Aids"; and "Creative Oral Sex and Creative Sex Fantasies."

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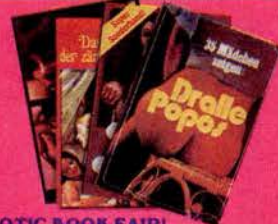
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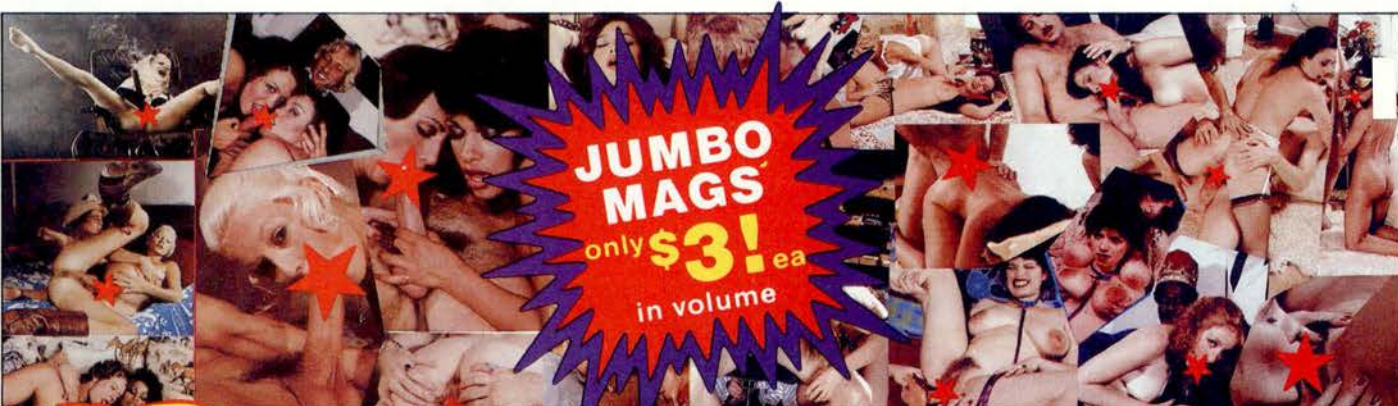
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Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie. I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, but already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis can be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

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Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and its safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!



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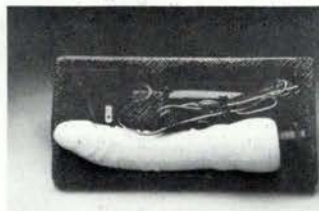
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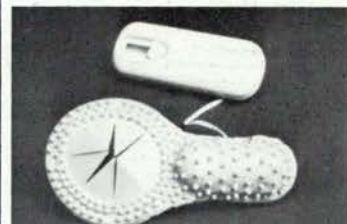
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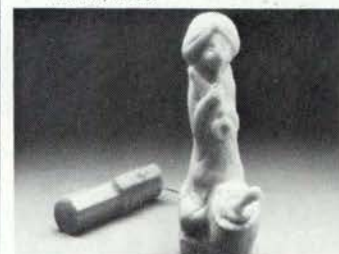
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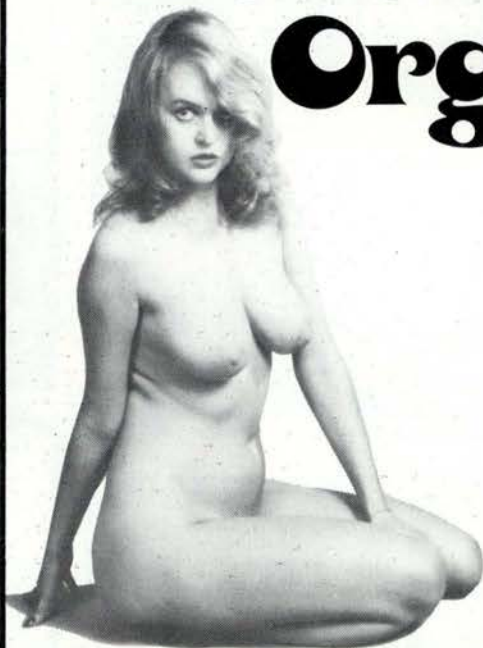


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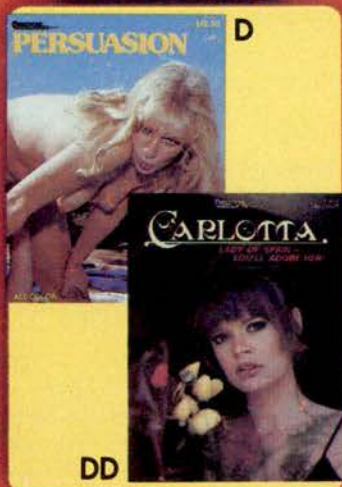
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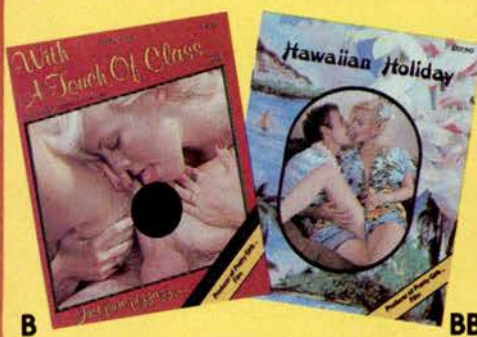
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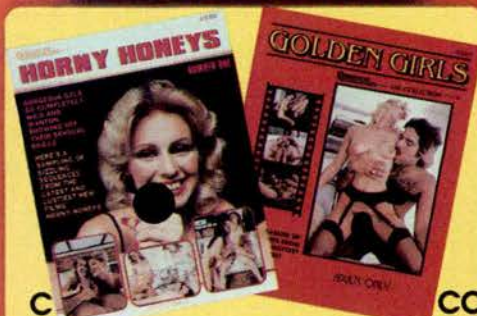
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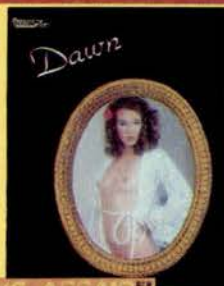
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BOUNTY HUNTER

(continued from page 58)

"I suppose you do," he said. I asked him if he had an off-duty woman officer who'd like to make \$100. He sent a squad car to fetch her.

"That night I rented a double room in a hotel. In one room was my fugitive, handcuffed to the bedpost, with the lady cop on watch. I slept like a baby in the next room and got on the plane the following morning. Eventually I collected a few thousand dollars for that one."

But even a hotshot like Bob Barber isn't always successful. "I had all the windows shot out of my car recently in a black neighborhood in central L.A. An associate and I were trying to pick up this big young kid who had jumped bail on armed-robbery charges. I hired a girl the kid knew to walk by his house and get him to come out. Then we jumped him and got him on the ground, but we couldn't get the handcuffs on him.

"He put up a helluva fight. I ran to the car to get leg irons, and just then someone with an automatic shotgun opened up on me. I hit the floor of the car, and he commenced to blow out every window. When he stopped to reload, my partner jumped into the car and we took off. I never went back for that kid. That's one the bondsman paid off.

Sometimes you just got to know when to call it quits. That's how you stay alive."

Thirty-three-year-old Susan Ann Sarkis of Glendale, California, has been in the business for only five years, but already she is a legend. Sarkis is reportedly the only woman in the state and one of the few in the nation to operate as an independent fugitive hunter. The license plates on one of her cars, a 1970 Mercedes 280SE, read: ISPI4U.

A solid and shapely woman, she stands 5-6 and has long strawberry-blond hair that flows onto her shoulders. Her face is both attractive and familiar; she bears a striking resemblance to Barbra Streisand. She dresses flamboyantly, always wearing flashy bracelets and glittering rings. Her boyfriend, a local municipal court judge, is having gold-plated handcuffs made for her and wants her to paint her "enforcer"—an M1 carbine—shocking pink.

Professionally, Sarkis uses her physical assets to maximum advantage. One of her favorite ways to arrest a male fugitive is by sidling up next to him in a bar or restaurant and saying softly, "Light me," while holding out a filtered cigarette. The approach is both brash and provocative, and few men have ignored its pleasant implications.

If the man doesn't have a light, then

she hands him her gold-plated lighter, keeping her blue eyes focused on him. As he reaches to light her cigarette, Sarkis snaps the handcuffs on his wrists and says, "You're under arrest, honey."

But when necessary, this fancy lady—who has been shot at, wounded, gouged, punched and almost run down by a car—can be pretty tough herself. One of her recent pickups was a reputed hit man for the Puerto Rican Mafia who was wanted on drug-smuggling charges. When he left his luxury hotel room protected on each side by a burly bodyguard, Sarkis walked straight up to him and put a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver to his forehead.

"You're under arrest," she said calmly. "Tell these apes to drop their weapons and spread-eagle on the floor."

Two weeks later, the hood appeared in court and told the judge, "Thank God for Sue Sarkis. I'm glad she arrested me. If the cops had come after me, I might not be standing here today. That lady has class."

Unlike most bounty hunters, Sarkis is also a licensed bondsman. Although she will hunt for "bail skips" on an assignment basis for other bondsmen, her main emphasis is capturing fugitives who have run out on her bond.

"When it's my money riding on someone's capture, I lose my objectivity real

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fast," she admits, sipping her customary 11:30 a.m. brandy at a fashionable bar.

In 1979 Sarkis wrote a \$50,000 bond on Kenneth Allan Lowe, who had been charged with 20 counts of burglary and five counts of rape. The police had nicknamed him "Spiderman" for his daring climbs into high-rise apartments and condominiums. At his first court appearance, Lowe overheard a cop telling the D.A. that a no-bail warrant for his arrest would soon arrive from another county. He simply walked out of the courtroom and disappeared.

"That stupid little slipup almost cost me \$50,000," says Sarkis. "Later he called and said he was sorry but he just couldn't show up in court again. I told him not to run. I said I'd follow his ass to the end of the world to find him. But he didn't believe me."

A few months later—close to the 180-day deadline bounty hunters are allowed before the bondsman forfeits the bail—Sarkis learned that Spiderman was living in Compton, a community just south of Los Angeles.

"I heard he had been driving around in a \$125,000 Stutz Bearcat, acting like a cool dude," she says. "I worked some snitches [informers] and finally came up with an address on him. I got the local police to come along with me, and we surrounded the house. The cops ordered

everyone out, and two teenage boys came out with their hands up. They claimed not to know the suspect.

"We searched the house and came up empty-handed. But then we spotted a big dirty handprint on the wall, near the entrance to an attic. I suggested one of the boys go up there. He said, 'If you think I'm going where some crazy guy is holding a gun, you're nuts.'"

So Sarkis yelled up into the attic. "Okay, Kenny, I'm gonna wait you out. Your ass is worth \$50,000 to me. I'll wait here a week or a month if I have to. You don't have any food or water or a toilet. I got a catering truck on the way. I've got all the comforts of home."

"After about 30 minutes of that, a voice from the attic yelled: 'Sarkis, shut your fucking mouth! I'm coming down.'"

Sarkis is quick to defend both the image and function of bail bondsmen against critics who question the character of those who make money off people in legal difficulty. "We have a sleazy reputation, and it's not deserved," she insists. "We are an integral part of the court system. We have an incentive to go out and pick people up when they don't show up in court. The police can't pick these people up because they don't have the time or the manpower. But it's our money on the line; so we make sure

these people show up. Our rate of no-shows is less than 10%.

"Ask anyone who knows me. When I write a bond on someone, that's a *guarantee* they're going to show up in court."

Entering the San Francisco office of Bob Borissoff is like something out of a Hollywood espionage movie. A steel entry gate buzzes open and then clicks shut behind the visitor. The outer room is silently observed by a video camera sweeping back and forth.

Moments later a second door swings open electronically. On a stair landing just ahead looms a full-length two-way mirror, one of many scattered throughout the building at key locations. After final clearance, the door to an expansive suite opens, revealing a squat, silver-haired, middle-aged man seated at an antique desk.

"I don't like to think of myself as a bounty hunter," says Borissoff, lighting a nonfiltered Camel. "That's an old-fashioned word. We just don't go gunning for fugitives anymore; there's no money in it for us if they're dead. We're professionals. I'm licensed by the state just like a doctor or lawyer."

"I've used all kinds of devices, but nothing can beat the good old mirror for looking around corners and generally keeping you aware of what's going on in



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your environment," Borisoff, a native-born Russian, explains. "That was one of the main reasons we took this building. There is space all around, and nobody's here at night to bother us. It's all very anonymous, being in the heart of a factory district."

As he speaks, Borisoff turns in his chair and gazes out the one-way tinted window that commands a view of the entire street. Turning back to his visitor, he keeps an eye on the tiny makeup mirror—propped casually against the window frame—that lets him know what's happening behind him. A two-way radio crackles in the background.

Known affectionately as "The Mad Russian," his tracking skills are well known throughout the country. Borisoff made his reputation in the 1960s, searching for runaways in the famed Haight-Ashbury district.

"Back in the hippie days it was really crazy here," he recalls. "One month I sent 25 kids back home. Never with any force, just by asking them to talk with their parents. Before you knew it, the kid would be crying, and the family was crying and everybody figured out how unhappy they really were."

"Nowadays, I still do a lot of missing-persons work. Over the years I've built up a lot of contacts out on the street. Folks know that they can trust me. The other day, I picked up a 13-year-old girl who had run away from home. Someone called and told me I'd find her in the Tenderloin [red light] district—soliciting. When I came up to her, she was ready to go home. Was she ever!"

Possible victims of foul play are among his toughest assignments. "Right now I'm working with a well-to-do family whose son has been missing for five years. But three fortune tellers have said he's still alive; so the family has put up a \$10,000 award. I won't give up till I know what happened to him."

"You see, I was born under the sign of Scorpio, and being a stubborn Russian to boot, well, I just never give up until I've solved the case. That's the real key to success in this line of work."

"I've eluded the lawmen who were on my tail/They're only looking to put me in jail/It's not them I'm afraid of, for they're known to fail/It's the bondsman that scares me, for he put up my bail."

These words from "The Fugitive's Lament," written by Ron Campbell, hang as a framed calling card in the bounty hunter's San Fernando Valley, California, offices. But Campbell, in his role as the bondsman's agent, is also wary of some fugitives—especially those he has tracked down and helped put away. As a result, he keeps his address secret, works

only through a telephone answering service and drives a car with out-of-state license plates.

From first-hand experience he knows that bounty hunters are not always welcomed with open arms. Four years ago, he arrived in Albuquerque, New Mexico, stalking a 20-year-old fugitive who had jumped bail on grand-theft auto charges in Los Angeles.

"I knocked on the kid's apartment door late one night," he recalls. "When he opened it, I told him he was under arrest and handcuffed him. I put him in the backseat of my car and kept an eye on him while my son drove. A few minutes later, I stopped and telephoned the county sheriff's office to tell them about the pickup. I had gone there earlier in the day and showed them all my papers and cleared it with them. The deputy on the phone remembered me, thanked me for calling and wished us a safe trip home."

About two hours later, just outside of Grants, New Mexico, all hell broke loose. "A police helicopter hovered over our car and police cars came from all directions," Campbell explains. "They were on us like gangbusters. It seemed that the boy's father had called all his friends and claimed his son was kidnapped. We had the county sheriff, state police, FBI—you name it—surrounding us. The next thing I knew the feds had me under arrest for kidnapping."

Two weeks later the federal government dropped its charges, but subsequently a county grand jury indicted Campbell on kidnapping charges of its own. "The boy's father was a lawyer with political connections," says the bounty hunter. "The old man was really pulling his weight."

When the case finally came to trial, the charges were dropped by an angry judge minutes after the prosecution rested and before the defense even got started. "I don't know why this case even went to trial," the judge observed. "This county owes the defendant an apology. He was only doing his job and he was doing it legally." Campbell has since filed a \$20-million malicious prosecution lawsuit against the fugitive's powerful father.

Only once in 16 years has he been injured in the line of duty. "I got beaten silly by four guys carrying billy clubs," Campbell recalls. "I had picked up one of them a couple of years before and he had spent 18 months in prison. So he came looking for me. When I woke up in the hospital, I wondered why I did this for a living. But a week later I was on the streets again. Bounty hunting may be damned dangerous, but it kinda gets in your blood."

EL SALVADOR

(continued from page 52)

Oscar Romero [the assassinated Archbishop of San Salvador]. They covered us with a blanket and left us there like animals. I heard my father die. He drowned in his own blood while I lay on top of him, but I could do nothing. He was 72. I was eight months pregnant."

• "Thirty heavily armed men wearing army combat vests, but masked with hoods lettered *Esquadron de la Muerte*, came to my village and seized and killed a number of *campesinos*. They went then to the neighboring village of Santa Helena, seized Romilia Hernandez, aged 21, raped and then decapitated her. Her relatives buried her head; the rest of her body was burned by her murderers. The head had been left in front of her relatives' house. The members of the death squad were evacuated that day by a Salvadoran army helicopter."

• "On February 14, 1981, various members of the army came to my village—Santa Barbara canton in Tecoluca, San Vicente—accompanied by men in civilian clothes. They went directly to the Rodriguez house. They opened the door by throwing grenades at it. As soon as they entered, they killed Jose Martin Rodriguez, 70, with a machete. His wife Gregoria Suria, aged

65, had begged them not to kill her husband, telling them that he was old and not involved in anything. The soldiers cut her fingers off with a machete, then stabbed her numerous times.

"After killing her, they proceeded to kill Inez Rodriguez, aged 35, the daughter of Don Chepe. The young granddaughter of Don Chepe, Norma Pineda, aged six, upon seeing that they were coming after her, succeeded in jumping out a window and began running away. However, a soldier shot and killed her.

"The other grandchildren of Don Chepe had hidden under beds. When they were discovered by the soldiers, they tried to flee, and some of them escaped by hiding in the mountains. The young boy, Mario Eliseo Rodriguez Pineda, because of his age, was not able to flee and was killed with a machete."

The work of Carolyn Forché, an American poet who traveled between the U.S. and El Salvador during 1978-1981, has been profoundly influenced by what she witnessed first-hand. "A priest I knew was gang-raped by soldiers," she says. "Another was hauled off and beaten nearly to death. On one trip a woman friend and I were chased by a death squad for five minutes on the narrow back roads that circle the city. The bodies of friends have turned up

disemboweled and decapitated, their teeth punched into broken points, their faces sliced off with machetes.

"On the final trip to the airport we swerved to avoid a corpse, a man spread-eagled, his stomach hacked open, his entrails stretched from one side of the road to the other. We drove over them like a garden hose.

"My friend looked at me. 'Just another dead man,' he said."

Not since the dark days of Nazi Germany had so-called "civilized" people demonstrated such blatant contempt for human life.

With the approach of U.S.-backed national elections last March, Washington continued to insist the Duarte regime had cleaned up its sorry human-rights record. To demonstrate his faith in the junta, President Reagan asked Congress for an additional \$128 million in military and economic aid, essential—he said—to combat Communist-supported leftist guerrillas.

Meanwhile, in a scene reminiscent of the antiwar protests of the '60s, more than 20,000 people rallied in Lafayette Square across from the White House to protest the escalating U.S. involvement in Central America.

All of El Salvador's previous elections had been rigged by military rulers. But

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JOHN SULLIVAN

(continued from page 38)

"Larry Flynt Publications... is appalled by what seems to be the U.S. government's laxity and/or cover-up in the Sullivan matter. We have received an unusually large volume of mail... demanding to know what is being done to resolve the Sullivan matter. In turn, we are putting the same questions to you... What, if anything, has the State Department done to find John Sullivan? Why was no action taken on the two letters received from an anonymous source in El Salvador? And, specifically, how is your agency presently dealing with the situation?"

"The American public deserves answers to these questions. We ask that you reply with dispatch."

James Ward finally replied eight weeks later: "... The Department of State and our Embassy in San Salvador remain greatly concerned for Mr. Sullivan and have done everything possible to locate him or to shed some light on his disappearance... Literally thousands of man-hours have gone into investigating leads... Every possible lead in [the] first letter was tracked down... but the only tangible result thus far was an apparent extortion attempt perpetrated by an individual whom we now know did not write the letter."

When he was based in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, three years prior to his ill-fated El Salvador trip, John Sullivan covered another civil war for ABC radio. In a 1978 broadcast that has deeper meaning today, he commented on the murder of Bill Stewart, the TV correspondent millions of horrified Americans watched being gunned down by a Nicaraguan soldier at point-blank range.

"Journalists very often risk these things to cover such events," Sullivan reported. "It is a hazard that the profession accepts. One must do what he can to protect himself. But there is always the unpredictable, the soldier who is overwrought, the stray ricochet, an unlucky explosion."

"Tears, bullets of revenge or even postmortem prayers will not reverse this tragic event... But if the death of Bill Stewart helps bring an end to the Nicaraguan conflict, even if just by sheer polarization of public opinion, then his death will have served some purpose to him as well as to his profession."

"This is John Sullivan, ABC News, in Nicaragua."
—RWL

this time the Reagan Administration was keeping its fingers crossed that honest balloting for 60 constituent-assembly seats would mark the first step toward ending the civil war. Just to make certain, dozens of American election observers were dispatched to El Salvador, including Father Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University. (Ironically, President Jose Napoleon Duarte is a Notre Dame graduate.)

When more than 1.5 million Salvadorans stood in long lines to cast their ballots, Washington's initial reaction was euphoric. "All of us should have been a little inspired by what took place," Reagan commented. "The Salvadoran people have clearly repudiated violence and voiced their commitment to a democratic future." Added Secretary of State Alexander Haig, the architect of America's El Salvador policy, "This is a victory we have all won."

Overlooked by the administration was compelling evidence that the unexpectedly large turnout indicated many voters feared reprisals from the army—such as torture and murder—if they abstained. Jubilation turned to concern after election results showed that Duarte's "moderate" Christian Democratic Party received only 40.5% of the votes, while the remainder went to right-wing groups certain to form a coalition that would do its best to exclude the American puppet, Duarte.

Looming menacingly on the horizon was 38-year-old Roberto ("Major Blowtorch") D'Aubuisson, whose extreme right-wing ARENA party won 29% of the vote. D'Aubuisson had earned the nickname for his skill at interrogating prisoners with that instrument when he was a National Guard intelligence officer in the 1970s. His activities since then were enough to send a shudder down the backs of State Department experts who had failed to anticipate his popularity.

Tough-talking D'Aubuisson was the founder of the White Warriors Union, a death squad that had been accused of widespread political murders of suspected leftists. He had promised to "exterminate" the guerrillas within three months by fighting "without limitations" and employing the deadly substance napalm. Former U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Robert E. White called him "a pathological killer."

D'Aubuisson had been accused of masterminding the assassination of Archbishop Romero, the vocal opponent of human-rights violations who was gunned down while celebrating Mass. In 1980, with the blessing of Defense Minister Jose Guillermo Garcia, D'Aubuisson twice had attempted to over-

throw the Duarte government by force.

His party had been largely financed by fat-cat landowners whose huge estates were being carved up by a land-reform program intended to give subsistence-level peasants the acreage on which they worked. During D'Aubuisson's election campaign, which benefitted from the advice of an American advertising agency, he promised to end the land-reform program and hinted that he might try Duarte for treason. Last April he won his first struggle for control of the provisional government by being named speaker of El Salvador's new constituent assembly.

"The elections ended up legitimating Roberto D'Aubuisson and his extreme right-wing ARENA party," noted Tommie Sue Montgomery, author of the forthcoming book *Revolution in El Salvador*. "However pleased the administration may be by the voter turnout, the success of four right-wing parties and the possibility that the Christian Democrats may be completely excluded from the new government reduces to a shambles the rationale behind Mr. Reagan's policy in El Salvador."

Any thought that the elections would change the specter of violent death that envelops the nation ended with news of two more brutal acts. In early April, seven days following the vote-counting, a recently elected assemblyman was kidnapped and found dead in a garbage dump used as a death-squad burial ground. There were bullets in his arms, back and skull.

Three weeks later a savage attack by 70 uniformed soldiers on the tiny village of Barrios—a cluster of mud huts 140 miles east of San Salvador—produced more sickening statistics. Forty-eight unarmed peasants were dragged from their homes and massacred, including two pregnant women, a 90-year-old man and 25 children under the age of 11. The next day the name of the 49th victim was added to the death list after a bomb, which was dropped from a helicopter, killed a farmer and spread fire over several acres of land.

"We don't know when this situation of death and bloodshed of the Salvadoran people will ever end," said Monsignor Arturo y Damas in a sermon at the capital city's central cathedral.

With the undeniable emergence of the far Right, it seems certain that El Salvador will soon be witness to even greater repression and violence. For now, at least, the grim prospect remains that this beautiful country of tropical flowers, green mountains and winding gorges will continue to be scarred with bombs and bullets while its soil is stained with the blood of the innocent.

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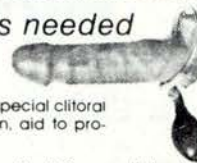
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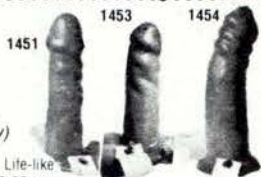
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SEX PLAY

(continued from page 33)

HUSTLER: What about circumcised versus uncircumcised penises? Is there a difference when you're giving head? What's your preference?

JOAN: It's nicer to give a blowjob to someone who is uncircumcised, because as his penis stretches out and gets hard, the foreskin feels very smooth, and the head of the penis doesn't jut out. You don't have to worry so much about your teeth, because you have a continual pole rather than the head of the penis on a stem like a mushroom.

NANCY: I think it's better with a circumcised penis. It's a lot easier to get to the head of his cock because you don't have to fuss with the foreskin.

SARAH: It doesn't matter to me one way or the other. I can accommodate either type. I've had a lot of sex with Jewish and Anglo-Saxon men, who are circumcised as a matter of custom. Many women believe an uncircumcised cock is dirty. That's not true.

PAULINE: I believe uncircumcised men are much more sensitive. They have that skin protecting their penis shaft and head; so they are a lot more aware and sensitive to the light flickings of your tongue around the base and the head of their penis. Circumcised men

lose a great deal of sensitivity because their cock head is always exposed to friction against underwear and clothing.

HUSTLER: Is cock size important?

JOAN: Although I don't mind sucking a large cock, I can do a much better job with a guy who has a smaller penis.

NANCY: I prefer to give blowjobs to guys with large cocks. I see it as a challenge. If you give good head to a guy with a huge tool, he'll think you're something special because so few women take the time to really handle a large cock properly.

SARAH: I don't think size is important. What's important is how a guy handles what he has. If he has a large cock, he should try to be more considerate of what the woman is doing. He shouldn't try to force it down her throat.

PAULINE: Size doesn't matter to me one way or the other. I think that it's important that you know how to handle any size cock. You just have to work harder to handle a large one.

HUSTLER: If each of you had the opportunity to give advice to another woman, what would you say is the most important thing about giving head?

JOAN: Only use your index finger and your thumb around the base of a guy's cock. If you use your whole hand, that's known as "cheater's head," and a lot of guys feel cheated if you do that. It's the

same as a man going down on a woman and only doing it halfway—pulling back from the clitoris. Don't cheat them. Treat the cock and balls as one unit, not as separate parts.

NANCY: Here's a technique many women don't know. Put the cock inside your mouth, with your lips about half an inch above the base of it, and just by using your mouth, suck the cock in and out with suction and release, suction and release, without using your hands. A lot of guys really get turned on by that.

SARAH: I think it would have to be the use of another technique that not many women have heard of. Wrap your mouth and your tongue very softly around the guy's penis and hum or sing soprano in the back of your throat. The vibrations will drive most men wild.

PAULINE: It's important for a woman to do different things at the same time she's sucking a cock. You know, like caressing the man's balls and touching the cheeks of his ass. Make it a total experience for him, rather than just "I'm gonna give you a blowjob" and that's it. I especially like finger-fucking his asshole while I do some great things to his cock.

HUSTLER: One last question: Who do you think should bring up the topic of giving head—the woman or the man?

JOAN: Neither should. To "bring it up" makes it a little tacky. Sex should be natural—both partners should do as they feel and let things happen instead of one saying, "Well, are you going down on me?" It should be a natural, flowing thing.

NANCY: I like to go ahead and initiate the action. If a guy asks me to suck him, it's like I'm doing it only because he asked me to. I like him to think that I'm a well-rounded lover and that giving head is something I would naturally start doing on my own.

SARAH: I like the guy to bring it up, but not in words. I'd rather have him take my head and direct it to his crotch, because then I feel he has been admiring my mouth and fantasizing about how great my lips would feel wrapped around his cock.

PAULINE: I like to initiate the action. I think most women do. Like Nancy said, if I start things, the guy knows where I'm at right away. If he sees I'm into him, he won't hold anything back from me.

Editors' Note: All the panelists agree that men should regard a blowjob as a gift, not an act performed because it is "expected" of a woman. Consideration, appreciation and reciprocity seem to be the key elements of being a good lover . . . when you're on the other end of the stick.

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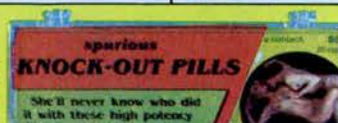
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NUCLEAR MADNESS—Can America survive a nuclear attack? The ever-increasing real threat of all-out atomic war is even more chilling because we are totally unprepared for it. Many experts

fear the chaos and panic will be so widespread that the few who escape the holocaust will envy the dead. Brace yourself for Steve Zipay's ominous report on life and death after a nuclear war.

THE BIG COMEBACK—Heavy-metal rock superstar Malcolm Blacquelord supposedly died ten years ago. But his mysterious "return" strikes a bitterly sour chord with the sexy wife and successful band he left behind. Tune in for a bloodthirsty reunion in Lizze James' erotically haunting fiction.

BIRTH CONTROL FOR MEN—Sex while wearing a condom has been compared to showering with a raincoat on. Vasectomies often threaten frail masculine egos. So what's a responsible male to do? For starters, a Pill for men is in the experimental stages, and there are reversible vasectomies for those who are having second thoughts about parenthood. Examine your options for the future in Margot Joan Fromer's highly informative **SEX PLAY**.

PHOTO FEATURES—Escape from everyday humdrum human forms with next month's extraordinarily erotic women, including **DEBBIE: TROPICAL TEASE**, who shares a little bit of paradise with you. Then take a sensuous hike through the wilderness as **DANIELLE** discovers **THE BEAR FACTS** of love. You'll go into orbit with **MOON MADE**, an out-of-this-world lusty affair. Finally, find out why our centerfold **TRINA** is such a **VERY SPECIAL LADY**.

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